

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



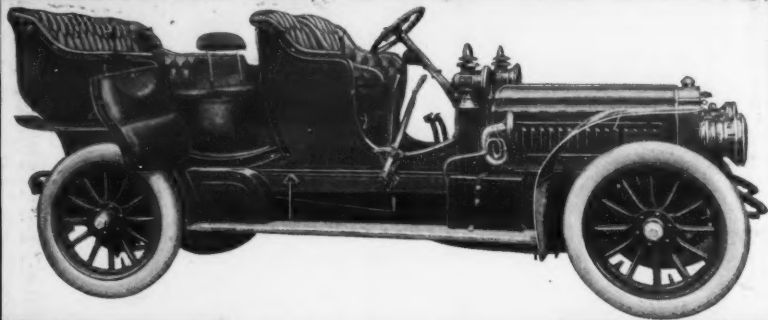
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VOL XXXVII NO 4
APRIL 21 1906

GOSSIP
DRAWN BY A. B. FROST

PRICE
10 CENTS

West Philadelphia



THE THOMAS SAFETY DEVICE

One of the minor excellencies of the THOMAS is in itself so vital and so important, as to be deserving of special and serious consideration. Setting aside for the moment, therefore, the significant fact that the 50 H.P. Thomas is capable of delivering from 6 to 60 miles per hour on the high speed without shifting gears; that it has a greater number of expensive and efficient bearings than any other car in the world, and that it has won this year the extraordinary honor of being pronounced the most highly standardized car in the world, let us consider this one essential feature, to wit:

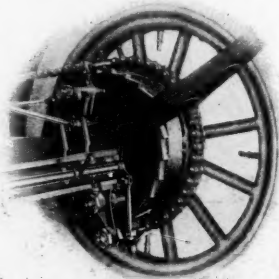
The Thomas Back Stop Safety Device

There have been safety devices put forward that are not safe; that in themselves contain elements of risk and peril. In the THOMAS both rear wheels are fitted with powerful ratchets and pawls which are controlled from the seat and can be instantly thrown into action. They will positively hold the car if for any reason the motor is stopped on a hill side.

It may be asked: will not the brake do the same thing? The THOMAS has four powerful brakes, with unusual width of braking surface. But like all others they must be released when power is applied. There's where the danger lies. But the pawl need not be disengaged. It does not interfere with the car's forward motion, but will check any backing instantly.

Get the 1906 Thomas Catalogue and learn more about this invaluable feature and the other exclusive excellencies which have earned for the Thomas the title of "the most thoroughly standardized car in the world."

THE THOMAS MOTOR CO.
1196 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



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In the East they start from New York, Boston and Montreal; in the West they start from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, connecting at both eastern and western terminals with the great transportation systems of America.

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INDIANA, ILLINOIS & IOWA
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RUTLAND RAILROADS

For a copy of "AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS," which is No. 3 of the New York Central Lines' "Four-Track Series," containing a map of the territory from Denver to New York, Boston, Montreal and Bar Harbor inclusive, send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, Manager General Advertising Department, Grand Central Station, New York.



C. F. DALY
Passenger Traffic Manager
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W. J. LYNCH
Passenger Traffic Manager
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AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY

will contain the first instalment of a Great Novel by

MAY SINCLAIR

Author of

"THE DIVINE FIRE"

It is, indeed, so great a story that readers of *Ainslee's* will agree with the author that it surpasses "The Divine Fire" in strength, in interest, in artistic skill.

that it surpasses "The Divine Fire" in strength, in interest, in artistic skill.

W. A. Fraser

will have "The Glove Stakes," the first of a series of six racing stories.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson

will contribute a short story entitled "Lady Pam's Bridge Debts."

Elizabeth Duer

is the author of the novelette "The Lord of the Isle."

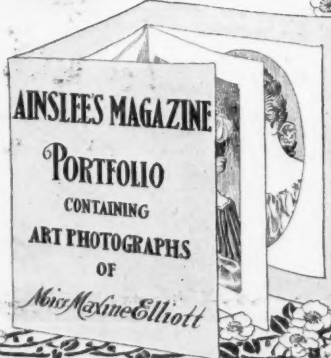
Other contributors will be Kate Jordan, George Hibbard, James Branch Cabell, Pomona Penrin, Mary Manners and Anne Rittenhouse.

NOW ON SALE

FREE—ART PORTFOLIO—FREE

Ainslee's Magazine has at great expense prepared a "Portfolio of Art Photographs of Miss Maxine Elliott," one of America's most beautiful and popular actresses. The Portfolio contains six large sized real carbon photographs colored by hand. They are the latest and best pictures of Miss Elliott, taken by one of the most skilled photographers in the land. The pictures are mounted on a heavy mat paper and folded into a binder, and may be retained in a binder—making an artistic Portfolio—or they can be easily removed and framed complete, no other mat being necessary. It is impossible to fully describe the Portfolio here. Its novelty and beauty must be seen to be appreciated. Every lover of the beautiful should secure one. The Portfolio cannot be bought—but every subscriber to *Ainslee's* remitting regular subscription price of \$1.80, can secure one free. If not satisfactory, money will be refunded on request.

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE
91 Seventh Avenue, New York City



President Hadley of Yale University Recently Said:

"If a man's purposes and ideals are such that he is seeking to attain them for himself at the expense of his fellow men, they are pagan ideals . . ."

"If his ideals are such that each step toward their realization means the advancement of those about him, his purposes are Christian."

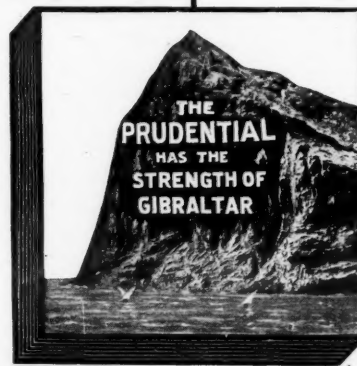
Write Now While You Think of it.

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

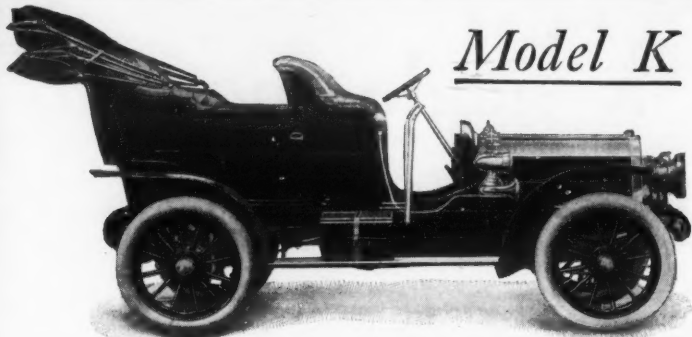
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Dept. Y Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



The protection of the home is one of the first steps toward the realization of an ideal life.

And Life Insurance provides such protection better than anything that human ability and foresight have ever yet devised.

Write your name and address on the margin of this advertisement and send for a plan of home protection and saving that will interest you.



Model K

WINTON Shooting-Oiler

"WORN out—for want of lubrication!"
That's the verdict on 60 per cent. of "retired" Motor-Cars. Because, Motorists don't yet understand the vast importance of uniform, and sufficient Lubrication.

They think Lubrication is a mere Facility—They think it just "makes the machine run smoother, and go better."

They don't realize that when they are not wearing out Lubricant at 6 cents a pound (50c a gallon), in running, they are wearing out friction surfaces—or Bearings—worth more than \$50.00 per pound.

But that's the situation in a nut-shell. A perfectly lubricated Bearing practically doesn't wear at all.

Get that clearly through your head, Mr. Motorist—

A perfectly lubricated Bearing practically doesn't wear at all, in either fast or slow running.

And a bearing run at high speed with insufficient lubrication will wear out more in two miles than it would have worn in 100 miles if properly lubricated.

That's a difference of 5000 per cent. you'll notice!

And it isn't a mere figure of speech either, but a certified fact.

So, — proper Lubrication means more, — far more — than smooth-running, speed, motor-efficiency, and non-heating.

It means life to the Car, — probably three times as much life — Wear, — durability.

Some Cars require far more lubrication than others, per mile of travel.

Because some cheap Cars have coarsely finished bearings, that develop great heat and friction in running, so that they "eat up" Lubricant as greedily as they do Gasoline.

The engines of many Cars are too frail and small for the Power they must develop in order to produce the Road-speed pledged by their makers.

The Motors on these Cars must be run at as many revolutions per minute, in order to make 20 miles an hour of Road-speed, as the motor of a Winton Model K would have to be run to produce a road-speed of 50 miles an hour.

Consider the tremendous difference in Wear, on the Motor, which that represents.

And, of course, a Motor that must be run twice to three times as fast, at ordinary road-speed, not only wears out twice to three times as fast, but really needs several times as much Lubricant, because of the Heat thus developed through friction.

Think that over for a Minute!

The Winton Model K has the smoothest and hardest Steel "Bearings" ever put into a Motor-Car, being ground absolutely true to micrometer tests of One-thousandth part of an inch.

And, because of the Mirror-finished smoothness, and "trueness" of every Winton Model K bearing, it needs less Lubricant than other Cars which are less carefully finished.

But, for all that, we know Lubrication is such a vital thing in the Life of a Car that we have, this season, utilized the most perfect system of Automatic Lubrication ever devised and patented.

That system is as infallible in its action as the law of Wear upon unlubricated Bearings.

It does not trust to any Gravity feed device either, — to any compressed air, or other so-called automatic system — which has been found wanting under certain conditions of weather, hill-climbing, or road-angle.

The Winton Model K Lubricator actually shoots the Oil on to each Bearing in the exact quantity needed for each revolution.

This "Shooting" is done by a powerful Syringe, operated by the Motor itself.

The Syringe action is thus speeded to deliver each charge, to each bearing, at the exact time the bearing needs it, and at whatever speed the Car is running.

It does not supply a wasteful surplus for a certain period, and then a dangerous shortage for another period, — as practically all other so-called "Automatic Lubricators" do.

But, it shoots the Oil to each bearing so frequently and surely that a thin film is infallibly maintained continuously between the two friction surfaces.

It also shoots the Oil so forcefully that no thickened condition of the fluid (due to cold weather or other cause) can permit its clogging in the tube, or failing of delivery at the precise place it is needed and at the precise time it is needed.

The infallibility and uniformity of this Winton Model K Lubricating system means at least \$500 more life to the Car, more durability, through saving of Wear than the same Car could have with the next best Lubricating system.

Our book, "The Motor-Car Dissected," explains why, in detail. Copy mailed free on request.

The "Winton Model K" has 30 Horse Power or better. Pneumatic Speed Control. Winton Twin-springs and big 34-inch Tires. Price, \$2,500, and only one grade manufactured.

The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. L Cleveland, Ohio.

High Salaried Positions For Men Without "A PULL"

"He's got a good job because he has a pull." How often have you heard this said about men occupying high salaried positions?

The coupon shown below is "the first pull" you need toward a higher salary in your present work or for a better position in a more congenial occupation.

The International Correspondence Schools have been the means of raising thousands of underpaid men out of poor positions. You can have their names, addresses and stories if you want them. What the I. C. S. has done for others it can and will do for you. There are still thousands of positions paying high salaries, just waiting for competent men. With the help of the I. C. S. you can qualify for one of them. No special knowledge is necessary. All you need to know is how to read and write. No considerable amount of money is required. Arrangements will be made to easily suit your circumstances. The first step toward getting a high salaried position is to mark and mail the coupon. By reading it you will see it places you under no obligation whatever, simply being an easy way of securing free advice.

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CHICAGO

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BARKER BRAND

MADE OF LINEN
15¢ TWO FOR 25¢

This "1900" Gravity Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make washing machines—the "1900" Gravity Washer. And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold upwards of 500,000 that way already—nearly five million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, our "1900" Gravity Washer is a new invention, and I know what it will do. I know it will wash clothes without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any ordinary machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no Washer made by any other concern can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900" Gravity Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it doesn't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900" Gravity Washer saves every week, for 10 years,—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So, said I to myself, I'll just do with my "1900" Gravity Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold nearly half a million Washers.

I will send any reliable person a "1900" Gravity Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900" Gravity Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth? It will save its whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week, 'till paid for.

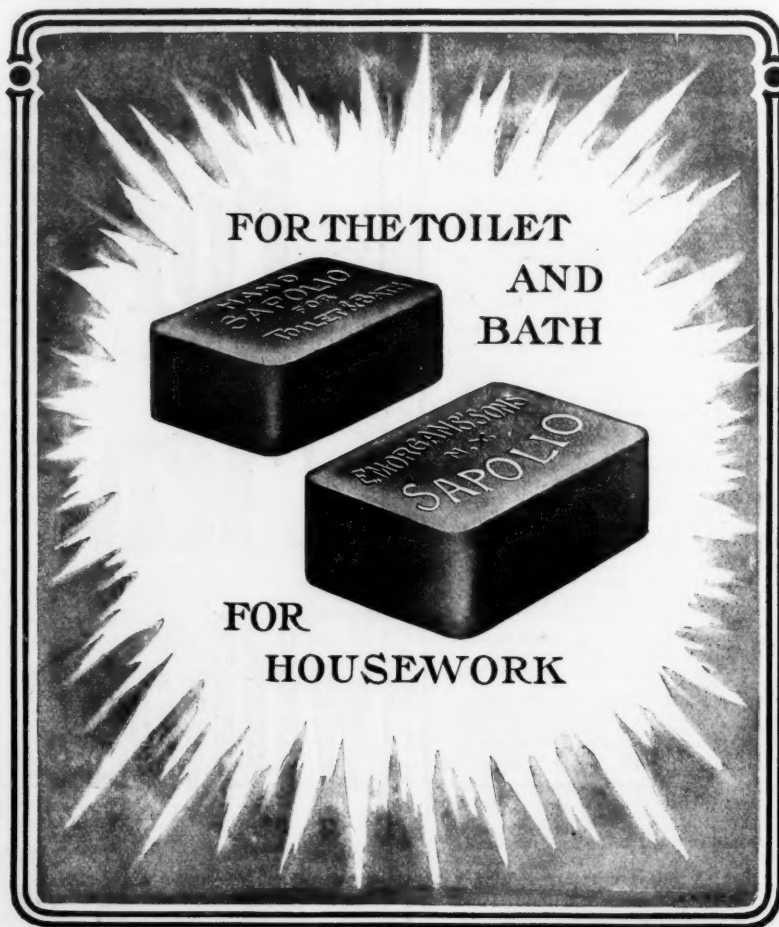
I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the 1900 "Gravity" Washer, that washes Clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way,—R. F. Bieber, Gen. Mgr., "1900 Washer Co.," 5863 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

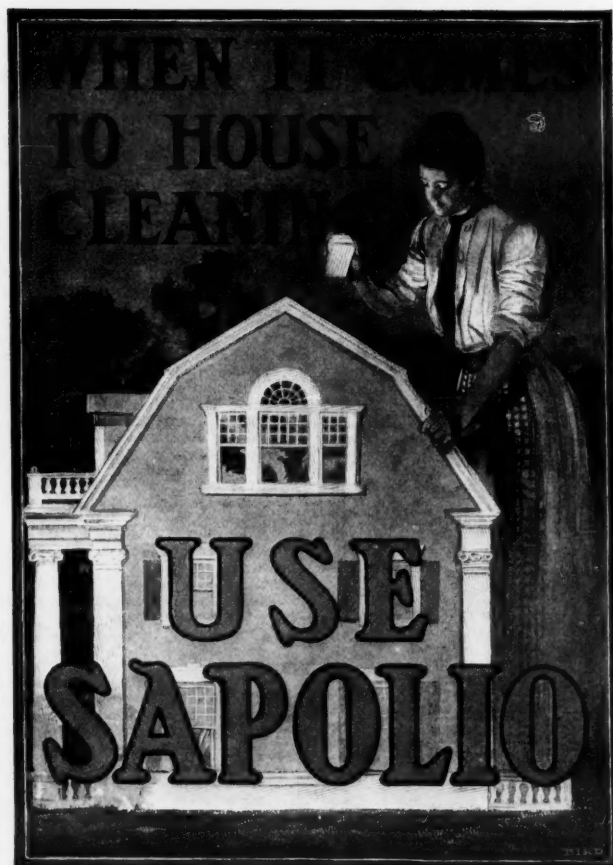


Two Soaps with but a single thought "CLEANLINESS"

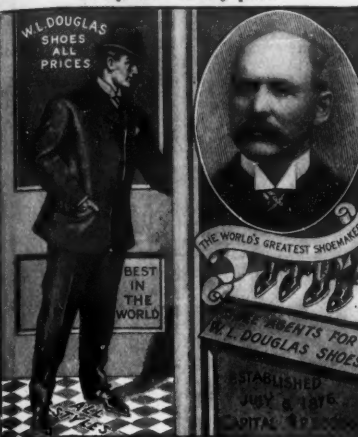
THE PERFECT PURITY of Hand Sapolio makes it a very desirable toilet article; it contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. Hand Sapolio is related to Sapolio only because it is made by the same company, but it is delicate, smooth, dainty, soothing, and healing to the most tender skin. Don't infer, Try it!



THE FAME OF SAPOLIO has reached far and wide. Everywhere in millions of homes there is a regard for it which cannot be shaken. Sapolio is one of the articles which in this busy age shortens the amount of time and effort expended in labor. Your housework will be reduced one third if you use Sapolio.



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\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN
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W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.75, \$1.50

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

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on wood, showing exactly how the beautiful moss-green, bay-browns, weather-grays, etc., look when applied. They are much cheaper than paint, and their soft, velvety coloring effects far handsomer. The only stains made of Creosote, "the best wood preservative known."

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DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogues illustrating and describing every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unsketch of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal card and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRE, Coaster-Brakes, Built-up-Wheels and all sundries at half usual prices.
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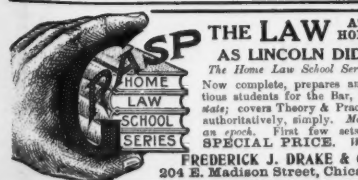
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We start you, furnishing complete outfit and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. The field is large comprising the regular theater and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges, and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. Sent Free. **CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 226 Dearborn Street, Dept. 156, CHICAGO, ILL.**



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of COLIER'S will reach any new subscriber.

VOLUME XXXVII NUMBER 4 10 CENTS PER COPY \$5.20 PER YEAR

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ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A SHORT STORY

Collier's offers one thousand dollars for the best short story received between March 1 and June 1. This premium will be awarded in addition to the price paid for the story, and all accepted stories will be paid for at the uniform rate of five cents a word, except in the case of authors who have an established and higher rate. These authors will receive their regular rate. A booklet giving full particulars of the contest will be mailed upon request. Address Fiction Department, Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York.

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With your first order for one of our \$10.00 Made to Order Suits, we will give you an extra pair of \$5.00 pants, also a fancy vest and suit case as a premium to help us introduce our clothing. You get

THE WHOLE OUTFIT FOR ONLY \$10.00
We make these suits to order from strictly all-wool fashionable cloth cut, tailored and finished in the very latest style. If a suit made by us is not exactly as claimed or if you find a single thread of cotton in the cloth from which we make our \$10 Suits, you may keep the Suit and we will give you

YOUR MONEY BACK
We have customers in every state of the union now wearing our \$10 Suits, why not you?

Remember, an extra pair of fine worsted stylish \$5.00 pants, also a fancy-dress vest, and a patent suit case, goes with every suit. All for only \$10.00 and your money refunded if not satisfied.

Write for free samples, fashion plate, tape and measurement blanks. Address

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Here's a wonderful little machine that turns a pound of pure sugar into thirty 5-cent bags of wholesome candy in 8 minutes. Figure the profits for yourself. The candy sells as rapidly as you can hand it out. Made by



The Empire Candy Floss Machine

Just the thing for summer resorts, fairs, carnivals, picnics and every place where there are crowds. You can have a pleasant summer and clear several hundred dollars. Many students are paying their way thro' college with it. Lots of fun and good profit. You can operate it any where and the money you take in is mostly clear gain.

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HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD. BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

By grocers everywhere.



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keeps the skin cool, clean and fragrant, when the sun sizzles.

"Porosknit" lets your body breathe through its thousands of air spaces.

"Porosknit" absorbs all excess moisture, dries in a wink, sheds odor and dampness immediately.

"Porosknit" is light, soft, "stretchy" and being cut with tailor care, fits in neck and shoulder just like a coat.

Ask your dealer for



Booklet in blue and gold, "From Dawn to Bed" free to those who write for it.

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3 Washington St., Amsterdam, New York

6 WONDERS IN 1



- I Do you want to clean bottles, tumblers and lamp chimneys automatically?
- II Do you want a perfectly noiseless and effective cooling fan in the kitchen to make the hot season bearable?
- III Do you want a magic egg-beater which will beat eggs, whip cream or salad dressing by itself while you attend to other things?
- IV Do you want a self-operating energy wheel on which to sharpen and clean your knives, scissors and edged tools?
- V Do you want a splendid cotton polishing wheel revolving so fast that you can make your silverware and cutlery shine as it never shone before?
- VI Do you want a powerful little motor for 20 useful ends about the home, to run sewing machine, meat chopper, small dynamo, cooling fan, etc.?

"Turn the faucet—that's all!"
If interested in any of these remarkable claims you want our "Little Wonder" WATER MOTOR which will attach to your water faucet, smooth or threaded, in a jiffy. A line from you brings our attractive FREE descriptive booklet, telling all about it. Don't be deceived by cheap, worthless imitations.

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Mfrs. of Water Motors 1-16 to 10 H.P. Water Fans & Accessories



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Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, \$3.25

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9 x 6 ft. \$3.25	
9 x 7 1/2 ft. \$3.75	
9 x 9 ft. \$4.25	
9 x 10 1/2 ft. \$4.75	
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9 x 15 ft. \$6.25	

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How The Life Is Taken Out of Clear Skin



as Red Litmus Paper, and the thief is Alkali-free in common soap.

All common soap is made of an alkali—caustic soda with acid fats, such as tallow, and acid oils.

Free Alkali in common soaps steals the oils which nature provides for your skin to keep it lubricated—soft and flexible.

And so—common soap leaves your skin dry, hard, shriveled up and prone to crack.

You can easily prove this for yourself, by looking through a strong microscope at skin that has been frequently washed with a common alkali soap.

And now "Sherlock Holmes" comes into the case—

Chemists look for Alkali with Red Litmus Paper.

When Red Litmus Paper turns blue it shows that it has found Alkali.

So it furnishes the simple means of making an infallible test. You can make this test yourself.

First—take the soap you now use for the toilet and bath, if it isn't Resinol Soap (you can try that later) and make a good strong "suds" in a glass.

Now dip the piece of Red Litmus Paper into the "suds."

If the Red Litmus Paper turns blue (see Figure 1), it proves that there's free Alkali in the soap you use.

And that proves that the soap you use surely harms your skin—your complexion.

That's how the Sherlock Holmes of Chemistry "shows up" the thief in common soap.

Now try the same test with Resinol Soap.

We will gladly send you a sample cake—see our offer below.

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Resinol soap won't turn the Litmus Paper blue (see Figure 2) simply because there isn't any free alkali in Resinol Soap.

You see, while common soap robs your skin, Resinol Soap feeds it—keeps it in the pink of healthy condition.

Because Resinol Soap nourishes the true skin.

It does do what no other soap can do.

For the microscope proves that common soap simply clogs up your pores, which should be open and clear, not only to keep you in good health, but also to furnish access to your true skin, which is beneath your surface skin.

Therefore, common soap can't reach your true skin to give it nourishment, even if common soap should have anything nourishing in it.

And your true skin needs nourishment, because it contains all the organs and elements which make or mar skin health and beauty.

The microscope proves that Resinol Soap does

nourish the true skin, because you see how clear and clean it leaves your outer skin and your pores and how greedily

and gratefully the pores absorb the nourishing, softening, soothing elements in Resinol Soap and carry them down to the true skin.

Resinol Soap preserves, purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands.

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Resinol Soap "smells clean"—has a scent which is suggestive of its refreshing purity.

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Your druggist sells it.



Red Litmus Paper turns blue, proving dangers of Common Soap.
Fig. 1.

RESINOL SOAP



Red Litmus does not turn blue, proving purity of Resinol Soap.
Fig. 2.



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FIRST GARDEN NUMBER of THE CENTURY

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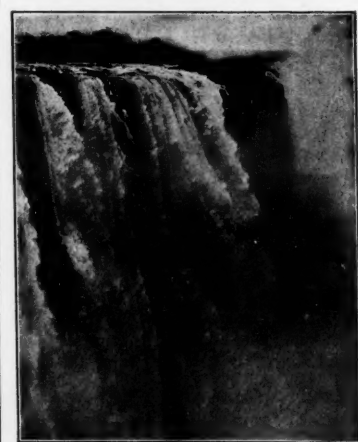
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

Our Island or Cuba's?

THE Isle of Pines lies fifty miles off the southern coast of Cuba at its western extremity, and is about half the size of the State of Rhode Island. Its scenery is most picturesque, its climate ideal, its soil rich and fertile, and among other wealth it counts the Sierra de los Cabellos—a mountain range 1000 feet high, composed entirely of beautiful marble of all qualities and colors. After the Spanish War many Americans settled there, and for three years past there has been a treaty before a Committee of the Senate to determine whether the Isle of Pines shall be given to Cuba or shall become a part of the United States. Nine-tenths of the island is now actually owned by Americans. That these people are "non-resident landlords," land sharks, and real estate speculators who do not live on the island, and never would do so, is the belief of the Administration, which favors giving the island to Cuba. But after the disturbances which occurred there last winter, it appeared that this might be an erroneous impression. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, therefore, went to the Isle of Pines on behalf of Collier's to investigate and report. When he started he believed as does the Administration, but upon meeting the Americans on the island and seeing their farms and ranches, and the houses, roads, and bridges built by them, he has returned convinced that they are genuine settlers, that they are there to stay, and that the island should be part of this country. Mr. Davis's article will be published in an early issue of May.



R. H. DAVIS

The Ideal American City

THE majority of the people of the North American continent will soon be living in cities, and they want those cities to be the very best in the world. If there are any hints to be obtained from foreigners they want to get them. That was why Mr. Samuel E. Moffett wrote about "Some Things They Do Better Abroad." But there are plenty of things we do well at home, and others that we are going to do well as soon as we get fairly started. Mr. Moffett will tell in a new series of articles of the work that is now being done in various parts of America toward the creation of the ideal city. It is a most encouraging work, especially when you look over the whole field and see it all together. The American people are getting away from commonplace utilitarianism. When they are once under way they will "make culture hum." The first article of the new series will appear in an early number.



"Warranted Harmless"

EVERY few days the newspapers publish a paragraph recording the death, or the bare escape from death, of some one who has indulged in a "headache powder." These little pallid angels of prostration and death are distributed through the mails, they are left on doorsteps (where even dogs eat them and die!) they are sold in drug stores,—and in no case is the recipient warned of his danger by the familiar skull and cross-bones. On the contrary, many of the nostrums are "warranted harmless." On the labels of others it is stated that "this powder contains no cocaine, morphine, or opium." Of course, such a statement is interesting and illuminating, but it is of no more value to the victim than if it read "contains no mucilage, prussic acid, or Paris green." What the powders do contain is Acetanilid. Practically all of them are based on this deadly drug. The United States Dispensary reports cases of death from five grains. Collier's will report the cases of many deaths. In the seventh article of "The Great American Fraud" series, next week, Mr. Adams will tell of the evil that is done by the headache powders and the cough cures. The first are Acetanilid poisons, the latter are Opium poisons. The article will be illustrated with newspaper records of the death list, gathered from all parts of the United States.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



SOME FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

West Paila. Br.



ON MR. BRYAN'S RETURN, early in the summer, he will find himself much stronger with the country than when he left. If the Democratic convention were held to-day Mr. BRYAN could, in the opinion of the most experienced observers, have the nomination if he desired it; and, of course, his wishes would be determined by what he deemed the chances of success. His increased strength is due largely to the belief, caused or confirmed by the insurance investigation, that the election was bought away from him by MARK HANNA in 1896. His renewed popularity is the result in part also of the fact that most of the conspicuous leaders in the Democratic Party are conventional and plutocratic, and that the leadership in popular measures just now is held by a Republican President, whose general spirit Mr. BRYAN has been sufficiently wise to approve. It is a pity that Mr. BRYAN's head is inferior to his heart. Such beliefs as free silver, State banks, State as opposed to government ownership of railroads, and the packing of the court with lawyers convinced of Mr. BRYAN's doxies make him as weak on the intellectual side as he is strong on the side of temperament, seriousness, sympathy with the masses, and good intentions.

ANALYZING
A LEADER

THE DAY FOR POLITICIANS to decide, contemptuous of the people, how offices shall be filled, is passing fast. The system, however, dies not without a struggle. Quietly, but with confidence and determination, the professional class of statesmen, big and tiny, are grooming Mr. FAIRBANKS for the race of 1908. Business, of the kind that controls politicians, is for him, knowing that he would not disturb that providence which by many prosperous individuals is supposed to guard established interests or that emotion which Mr. JOHN MORLEY calls "the complacent religiosity of the prosperous." An Englishman, visiting America

ONE KIND OF
CANDIDATE

lately, heard a speech by Mr. FOLK and was struck with astonishment and pleasure by the frank and emancipated tone by which it was pervaded. He began to generalize about politicians in America; but he then heard Mr. SHAW, of the Treasury Department, make a speech, full of stories, jokes, and the great and only party called Republican, and he was compelled to decide that for the old party buncombe a certain demand continued still. Mr. SHAW is also a busy candidate for the Presidency. With more brains than Mr. FAIRBANKS, and equal industry, he belongs to the same general species as a servant of the public. Both belong distinctly to a school of candidates that is passing, with few mourners, to make room for men who are chosen by the people.

THE ELECTIONS IN MILWAUKEE and Chicago disappointed Socialists, as in those strongholds they seemed barely to hold their own. Expecting to elect their Mayor in Milwaukee, they ran behind the Democrats and far behind the Republicans, and barely held their own in the vote cast. In Chicago, where this month they cast about one-ninth of the total vote, in 1879 they cast nearly one-fifth, and elected four Aldermen, where this month they elected none. In 1878 they elected a State Senator in Illinois and two members of the other House. Such leaders in both parties as Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ROOSEVELT are in fundamental opposition to their basic theories, and in the country at large they as a party show no gain not naturally caused by increase of population. What is happening, however, is that the Socialists

SOCIALISM

are doing a large part of the work of educating the voters about monopolies and about public control of those necessities in which competition is found seldom to exist. Transportation, light, heat, and water come first, following along after schools, libraries, parks, fire companies, and police. In England municipalities already to a greater or less extent, as pointed out in the last Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor, control municipal dwellings, docks, markets, baths, race-courses, oyster fisheries, slaughter-houses, milk depots, employment bureaus, and sewage farms. Such enterprises are not Socialistic. Everybody admits that the Government should do some things. The Socialists, if they are extreme, say that it should do everything, or, if they are less entire, that it should control all means of production. In attacking the abuses of the competitive system they are only in accord with liberal reformers, and the fact that their numbers are not notably increasing is a sign that this distinction is comprehended by the electorate.

WE SHACKLE POWER in its bodily manifestations, with some thoroughness. The muscular individual is not allowed to reap the full advantage of his strength. No doctrine of *laissez-faire* in civilized communities goes so far as to allow each man to abstract their property freely from his weaker neighbors, and the tendency grows among open-minded men to-day to harbor thoughts of the day when intellectual power, in its acquisitive manifestations, will be more limited also. "How," asks one reader, "can we have industrial equality, economic liberty, without collective ownership of land and of the essential machinery of production and distribution?" This question is weekly put to us in various forms, and our answer is that there is as much ground to expect favorable results by shackling cunning, as we have hitherto shackled force, to quote the President, as there is from introducing Socialistic or collectivist extremes that have never been a natural growth in any community in which civilization has become at all complex. If as much ability were devoted to regulating competition as is devoted to competition itself it would easily find ways of preventing monopoly and checking concentration. How far the result would be satisfactory from the point of view of the average cost of living is a question which is hardly to be solved except by long and arduous experience. That, however, a new set of criminal statutes are to become part of the law, and ultimately to be enforced, there is no doubt. The law as it is was made for a civilization entirely different from the present, and moreover public opinion is only just reaching the stage when it is willing to apply even adequate laws to new misdeeds.

CHECKS ON
LIBERTY

WEIR MITCHELL'S POEM, in this number, commemorates the return of the Confederate flags, which a few months ago was accomplished with universal approval, North as well as South. Dr. MITCHELL's poem is published at an apt moment, as the annual convention of Confederate Veterans is to be held at New Orleans on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of this month. We are particularly glad to have it appear in this weekly, since one of the things we have most at heart is the steady progress of sympathy and understanding between the various parts of our fortunate land. Internal conflicts are supposed to leave the bitterest aftermath, but when did the harsher memories of a great war of any kind ever subside as rapidly as in this country? More magnanimity was needed in the South, but both sides have been magnanimous, at least as poor human nature is usually measured up. The meeting this month, including the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, is fully representative, and we understand that it is to recognize in some fashion the return of the Confederate emblems to those in whose memories their meaning is the most intense. May the meeting be one in which the sadness of memory and the happiness of memory are mingled, without a touch of bitterness.

CONCORD

REGRET WAS EXPRESSED in this paper that the report of the International Waterways Commission, transmitted to Congress by the President on March 27, should have suggested so large a diversion of the Niagara waters. As soon as the American Civic Association was furnished by the Secretary of War with a full copy of that report it reached the opinion that the report was dangerous, and it took steps against the passage of the bill founded upon that report. Mr. ROOSEVELT was seen, and he said that, after more fully understanding the facts, he agreed with the Civic Federation. A new bill is being drafted, the object of which is to stop the diversion just where it stands now, by having the Secretary of War refuse permits to any companies developing water power for quantities in excess of those actually now being used. This would limit the diversion to seventeen thousand two hundred cubic feet, now in actual use, plus the necessary canal diversion, bringing up the total to about thirty thousand cubic feet. A suggestion also is made that an import duty be placed on electricity brought into this country across the Niagara River from Canada. If this step is not taken checks on our side may merely stimulate Canadian activity. The Civic Association deserves enthusiastic support in the steps it is taking to save our common heritage from predatory corporations.

NIAGARA
BILLS



IF LETTERS ARE AN INDEX, the issue accidentally raised, in Philadelphia, of Bourbonism against freedom, between this journal and the "Ledger," finds most citizens of the old American town on the side of open-mindedness and progress. The "Ledger's" latest defense is something to cause amusement on Olympus. It glories in its past! Who, indeed, fails to know what it was in the days of CHILDS? And what has that to do with the cautious flaccidity of the sheet under its present control and editorship? As a forty-year resident of Philadelphia writes: "Philadelphians all regret the unfortunate change in that paper since the death of GEORGE W. CHILDS, under whose management it was one of the most brilliant journals, with an influence extending over the entire Eastern section of this country. Its deterioration has been due entirely to its attempt to be friends with everybody and its apparent fear that honest criticism of those deserving criticism might reflect unfavorably upon its advertising accounts. To the five years' fight of the 'North American' with the local 'gang' is due more than anything else the reform accomplished in Philadelphia during the past year. Yet this paper was constantly sneered at by the 'Ledger' as a 'yellow journal,' seeking notoriety. When the machine's 'finish' came, however, the 'Ledger' scrambled on the tailboard of the band-wagon, and made as much noise as its feeble voice could produce." The day of vacuity in journalism is passing. The renewed attack on COLLIER'S by the Philadelphia somnambulist might at a pinch furnish us a text for the exercise of badinage, but its supreme feebleness on the whole denies it further space.

ON BEING
A CIPHER

NEWSPAPER LEADERSHIP in our democracy is always to be remembered, even in the process of trying to raise, in certain particulars, the standard of our own profession. To carry out their rôle in all departments of life the papers must be able and they must be free. The New York "Tribune" is hereby welcomed among those journals of the metropolis which are willing to print the news about the vast and growing question of public health. In a long article on the alarming increase in the use of narcotics it gives the authority of W. JAY SCHIEFFELIN, the well-known drug manufacturer, for the fact that cocaine is actually given away, in sample doses, in order to form the habit. On the general intelligence of our

CREDIT TO
THE PRESS

patent medicine laws the "Tribune" gives this indisputable opinion: "Physicians, dentists, veterinarians, pharmacists, nurses, lawyers, plumbers, auctioneers, engineers, and others must be qualified and licensed or registered before practising on the public. But any irresponsible, unlicensed, unscrupulous person, without education or learning in medicine or pharmacy, may compound a mixture, using as ingredients any number of the drugs in the poison list, and may advertise it as a cure for any known ill without restraint, without poison label, and without giving warning or information of its contents." Mr. SCHIEFFELIN states that sixty per cent of the "lost girls" in the neighborhood of Chinatown are addicted to cocaine, and we congratulate the "Tribune" on its entry into a field of "news" where its usefulness will reach those elements of the population by whom enlightenment is needed most.

BEING
GOOD

THE MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, on being asked by the Medical Society of California about its membership in the Proprietary Association of America, replied that on being informed of the present activities of that Association, it promptly withdrew. Along with this and other genuine changes, due to fuller knowledge of the facts, go some that are merely ludicrous attempts to avoid the rapidly increasing disapproval of poison as an industry. Each of several fierce concoctions now advertises itself as "not a patent medicine," which is more business-like than candid. A recent advertisement of JAMES S. ROBINSON, an apothecary of Memphis, says: "With my thirty odd years' experience in the drug business I would advise when nervous, when you have heart trouble, when you have aches and pains, when you have coughs and colds, consult your physician. This is the cheapest and best advice I can give you." Many druggists are using their influence against the nostrums. The battle, however, can not be called entirely won since the Honorable TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN is out in a most eloquent endorsement of Kidney Pills.

SAID PERICLES TO THE ATHENIANS: "In every land and sea, our boldness has cut a way for itself, setting up for itself, everywhere, imperishable monuments for good and for bad." For evil as for good: PERICLES was proud of both, since both were evidences of power, and he had the frankness of mind which goes with cultivation, success, and domination. And such has been the aristocratic view from the beginning of the world. It is democracy and Christianity that have introduced the so-called slavish virtues: humility, sympathy with the weak, the charity of love, and the application of justice to all mankind. A letter says: "I am only a common muddler of a man, with brain dull and heart sick from our ages long of brutality, and hence not expected to have much more feeling than a hog for the sufferings of those I have never seen, but your editorial on 'killing savages' goes to my heart like a death knell to all that might be human. You think there may be good excuse for wiping out Moros wholesale, to whom we have not done and do not propose to do justice, any more than we did to the Indians. Are we ever to recognize the rights of others? Is 'Do unto others as you would they would do unto you' ever to be a dismal joke?" Those truths which were in the doctrine of force, of aristocracy, will remain. The Indians had to be suppressed, although it could have been done with less of accompanying cruelty and fraud. But to the truths of the favored and the strong have been added the truths of the many and the weak, and history since the birth of Christianity has shown steady inroads by sympathy and moral responsibility on the proud doctrine of power expressed by PERICLES to his gifted countrymen.

WAR

DOING THINGS counts for comparatively little with posterity unless the deeds are recorded. History and literature make perpetual examples of past accomplishments and increase manifold their influence. Walking through the Boston State House, the other day, we were reminded of how much the acts of Massachusetts have owed in potency to the men who have made them known. What would PAUL REVERE'S ride be without LONGFELLOW? Lexington and Concord and the tea party and the shot heard round the world have had their meaning marked forever by our poets, and the whole history of the State has been concentrated in words like richest bronze by DANIEL WEBSTER. Massachusetts claims among her citizens, adopted or native-born, such historians as BANCROFT, PRESCOTT, MOTLEY, and PARKMAN; such artists as BULFINCH, HUNT, and COPLEY; such writers as FRANKLIN, EMERSON, HAWTHORNE, WHITTIER, LONGFELLOW, BRYANT, HOLMES, and LOWELL; such orators as WEBSTER, EDWARDS, CHANNING, BROOKS, JOHN ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, CHOATE, EVERETT, GARRISON, and PHILLIPS; and it is to the expressiveness of her sons, to their power to celebrate her virtues and her deeds, that she owes the richness of her history, as well as to the actual energy and leadership which she has always shown.

HISTORY

HELPING YOUNG IDEAS to shoot is supposed to stand in the way of matrimony. Teachers, it is said, seldom marry. In part, there is a logical fallacy involved; it is often not that women fail to marry because they teach, but that they teach because they have no tendency toward marriage. According to a despatch from Cleveland, a jury has decided that a girl in love is unfit to teach. As the case has been appealed the Supreme Court may mitigate the rigor of this view. The lack of harmony between wedlock and instruction, admitting it exists, is probably, for many reasons, on the wane. Martinets are not a marrying class, but as the teaching of young children is becoming less a matter of routine bossing and rigid technicality, and more an effort to illuminate and inspire, it becomes a more humane occupation, calls for warmer and more sympathetic temperament, and therefore should have more in common with the life of motherhood and matrimony. Some women have a special gift for guiding and stimulating the young, and at the same time have little or nothing in common with men; but on the average the best teachers of children would naturally be the same women who would have strong impulses toward the general destiny of intimate responsibility and of reproduction. We should be pleased to have some light from women teachers on this theme.

TEACHING AND
MATRIMONY

IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL FIELDS

A picturesque feature of the conditions developed by the strike in the coal regions is the newly organized State Constabulary. There are four troops in the organization, one stationed in Wyoming County, one at Punxsutawney, another at Greensburg, and the fourth at Reading. The troops are composed of picked men who were required to pass a rigid physical and mental examination. They are armed with clubs, carbines, and revolvers. The organization was formed principally to take the place of the coal and iron police. It is in no sense for the purpose of assisting the coal companies in case of a strike, but to maintain order throughout the State. When not engaged in actual police duty the men act as game and fish wardens



The peaceful American miner spends his time quietly at home while his representatives negotiate with the operators



The old and the new: The slouch-hatted portly high constable of former days, and the smart constabulary of the present time



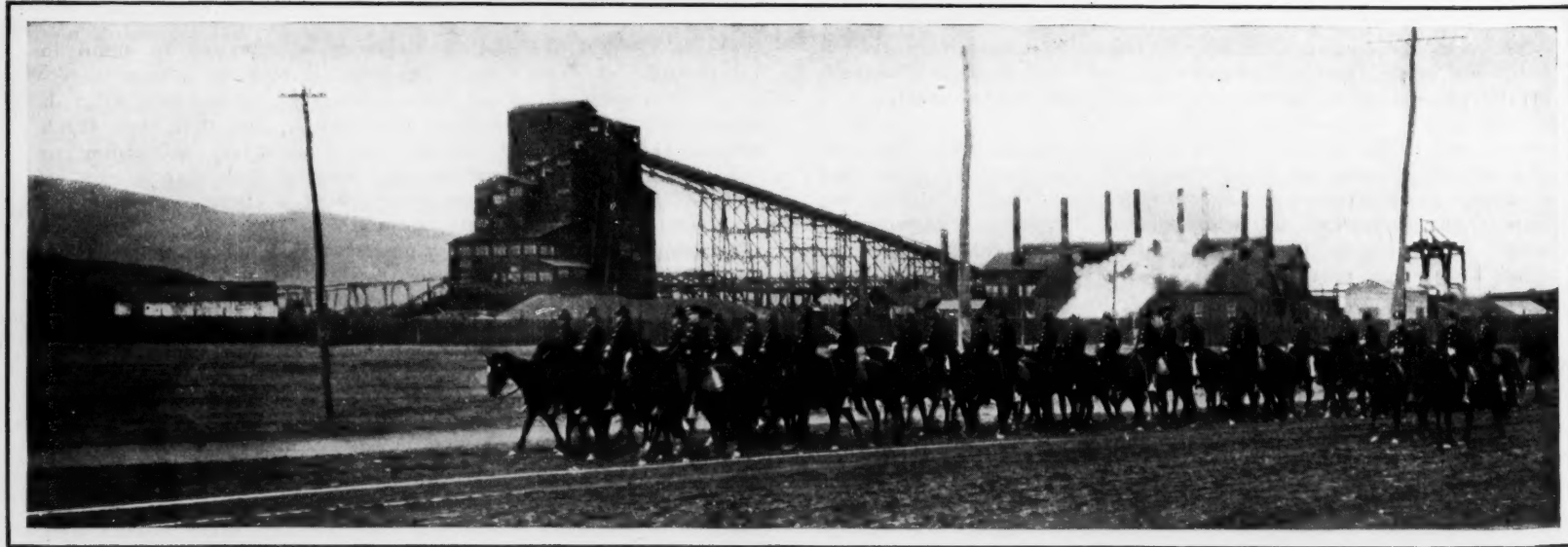
Capt. Groome, Superintendent of the State Constabulary



A group of striking miners at Wyoming, Pa., discussing the situation

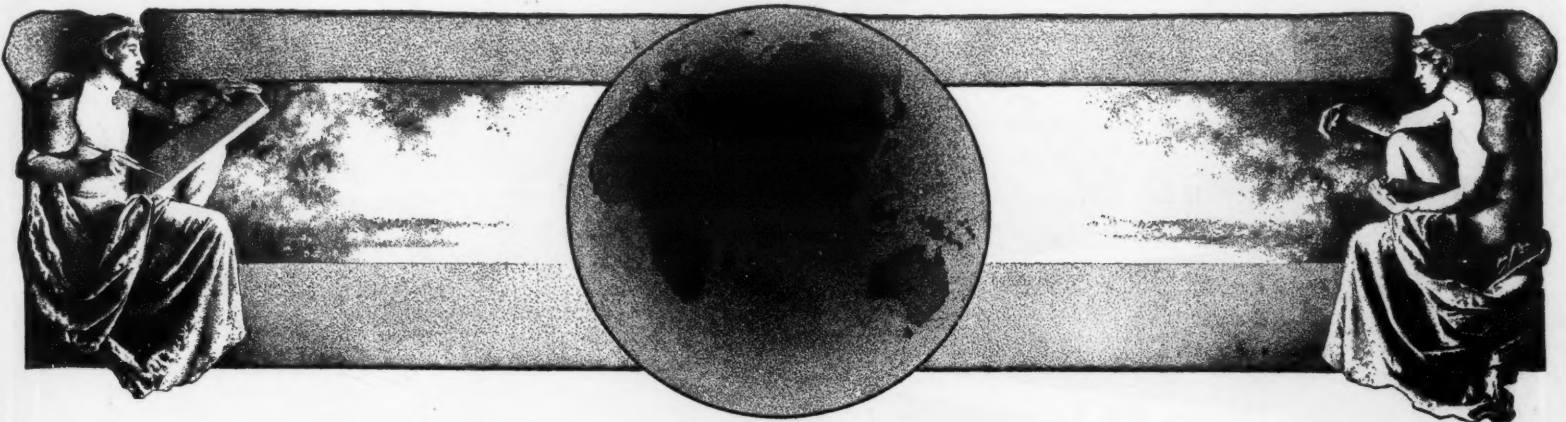


A coal miner of the Wilkes-Barre district



Troop B, Pennsylvania State Constabulary, patrolling the mining regions of Wyoming County, Pa. Mount Look-Out colliery in the background

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

ONE of the greatest eruptions in the history of Vesuvius has been in progress, destroying some important towns and terrifying Naples. ¶ Attempts have been made to induce the Democrats in the Senate to unite on a railroad rate policy and so secure the balance of power against the divided Republicans, but thus far without success. ¶ Speaker Cannon has admitted that the tariff will have to be revised sooner or later. ¶ The House Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads is refusing to advance any postal reforms. ¶ The Russian elections have resulted in an astounding Progressive sweep. Among the first third of the entire membership of the Duma the Government has not secured a single friend. ¶ The Czar has proposed to have the next Peace Conference at The Hague meet in July, but it has been suggested on behalf of the Governments of the United States and of some of the South American Republics that this would be inconvenient on account of the meeting of the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro in the same month. ¶ The Hungarian crisis has been ended by a compromise. ¶ Paul Nocquet, the

Belgian-American sculptor and aeronaut, made a successful balloon ascension from New York on the evening of April 3 and lost his life the same night in a mistaken attempt to cross the swamps and inlets between his landing place on Jones Beach and the mainland of Long Island. ¶ The formal ending of the Algeiras Conference came on April 9, when the agreement reached was signed by the representatives of all the Powers. ¶ Andrew C. Fields, the ex-lobbyist for the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and former landlord of the "House of Mirth" at Albany, returned home on April 3 after seven months' hiding. He asserted that the "House of Mirth" story was a "gross libel." ¶ Prince von Buelow, the Chancellor of the German Empire, fainted in the Reichstag on April 5 after explaining the work of the Moroccan Conference. ¶ Senator Alger, of Michigan, has announced his retirement from the contest for the succession to his seat. ¶ The Mormon Church has deposed two polygamous apostles at the desire of Senator Smoot, whose fight for his seat in the Senate has been seriously handicapped by their unpleasant prominence

VESUVIUS ENRAGED

An eruption of Vesuvius, growing more furious day by day through the first week of April, has overwhelmed several towns and buried the streets of Naples in ashes

VESUVIUS, so long a tamed volcano, just decorously active enough to be an attraction to tourists, has roused again to that black and terrible fury that broke eighteen centuries ago upon Pompeii and Herculaneum. In the first days of April the activity of the volcano became constantly more alarming. Earthquake shocks, loud detonations, lava streams that ran over the roads near the crater and showers of ashes that covered the ground in the vicinity an inch deep, terrified the people of the neighboring villages, who were in full flight by the 5th. Processions of fugitives, praying and carrying images of the Madonna, marched through the towns just beyond. Lava and cinders were thrown from new craters, and fissures, and a cone three thousand feet high was formed in the central crater. At first the people of Naples were pleased with the eruption, thinking it would furnish a spectacular attraction for the visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra of England, who were expected from Marseilles at the time. But the matter soon went beyond a show.

The eruption increased in violence. A dense fog, charged with ashes and sulphurous fumes, hung over the land, and the condensing vapors came down in floods of rain. The earth was in a constant tremor, and the incessant explosions were compared to a heavy cannonade. On April 6 the main stream of lava, two hundred feet wide, was pouring down the mountain side at the rate of twenty-one feet a minute, the vegetation in its path shriveling in advance from the wave of heat that preceded it. Hot mud, ashes, and black sand mixed with water came down in "caustic rain." The churches were crowded with praying worshippers. At night a pillar of fire a thousand feet high illuminated the land and sea like the flame of a gigantic lighthouse. The military engineers tried to build obstructions to protect the towns in the path of the streams, but the lava rolled over them, destroyed Boscorecase, a place of ten thousand inhabitants, and drove out the thirty thousand of Torre dell' Annunziata. The observatory on Vesuvius was destroyed, and the director and employees narrowly escaped with their lives.

By the 9th a hundred and fifty thousand refugees were gathered at Naples, and the streets of the city were buried in ashes to a depth of more than three feet. A majority of the fatalities seemed to have happened at Ottajano and San Giuseppe, on the northeast side of the mountain. King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena went to Naples, and the King visited the threatened villages at the foot of the mountain. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were advised to stay away. The Italian fleet was ordered to go to Naples to assist the refugees and the captains of several foreign ships offered their vessels as shelter. A partial clearing of the smoke-cloud on the afternoon of April 9 revealed the fact that the outline of Vesuvius was altered. The whole cone had been blown away, and it was estimated that the summit was 250 metres lower than it was before the eruption. At that time the extent of the flow of lava was said to have surpassed anything known in two centuries.



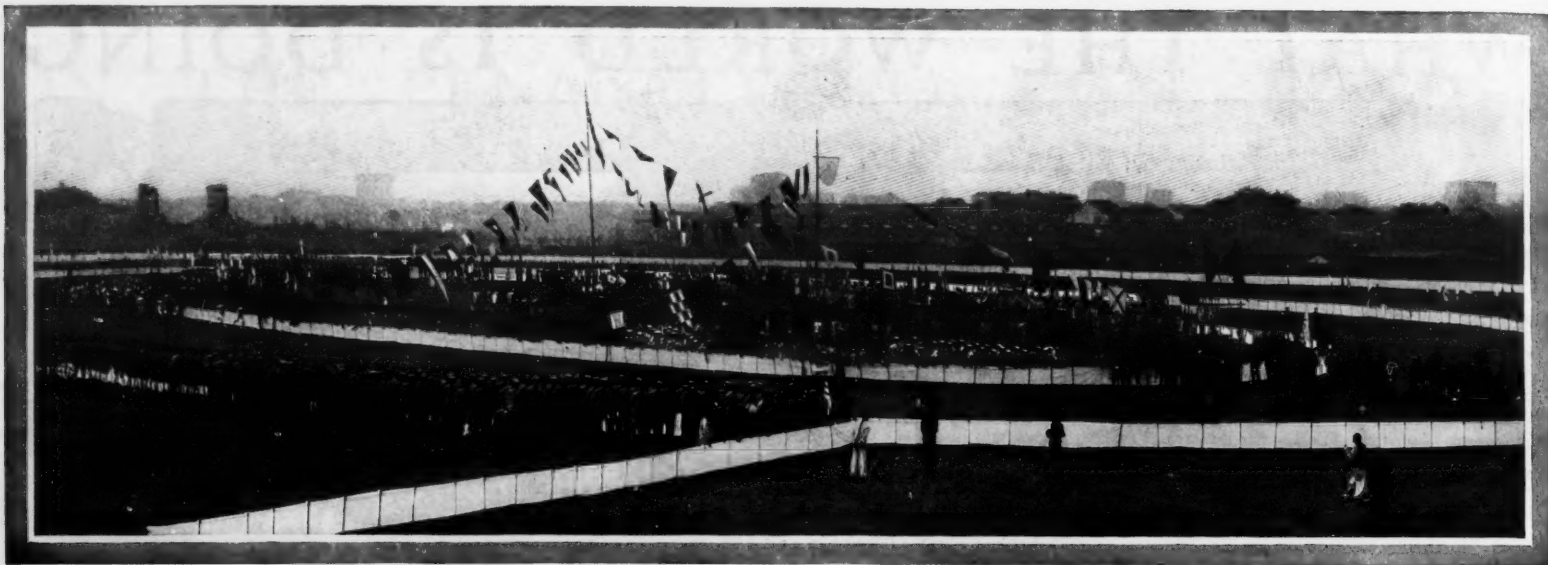
SHERBURN M. BECKER

Electoral Republican Mayor of Milwaukee. After a picturesque campaign, in which he was derided as a "kid," this vigorous young Republican was elected by 6,555 plurality. His opponents were Mayor D. S. Rose (Dem.) and W. A. Arnold (Soc. Dem.)

NO POSTAL PROGRESS

The House Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, whose help is necessary to any postal progress, refuses to do anything for the improvement of the service

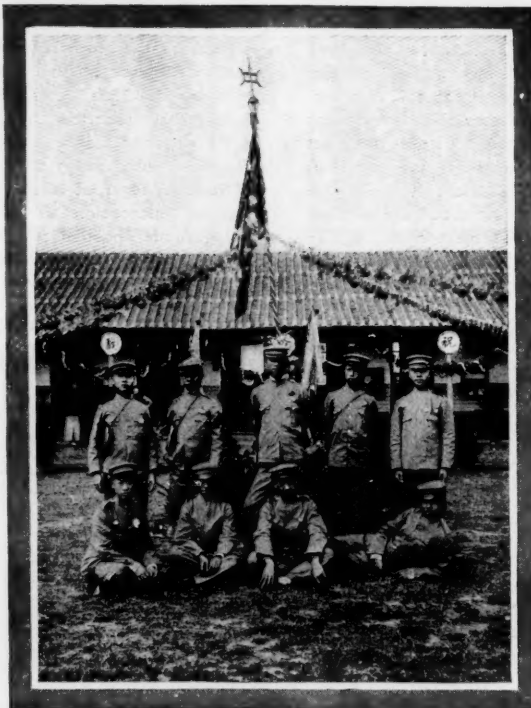
THERE is a singular anomaly at Washington. The Military Committee of the House, which initiates legislation affecting the army, is composed of members who believe in the army and are in favor of its progress. The Naval Committee is friendly to the navy. The Committee on Invalid Pensions is friendly to the pensioners. The Committee on Agriculture is friendly to the farmers. But the committee which controls the greatest branch of the public service and the one of most importance to the public—the Post-office—is under leadership hostile to that service and opposed to its improvement. Nor is this condition anything new. It has existed for many years. Through several Congresses the Chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads was Mr. Loud, who repeatedly said that the whole idea of a Government postal service was a mistake, and that the work could be done at half the cost by a private corporation. He was succeeded by Mr. Overstreet of Indiana, the present chairman, who holds similar views. Mr. Overstreet carries his hostility to postal improvement to such a pitch that he will not even give a hearing to the advocates of a bill to carry out Postmaster-General Cortelyou's recommendation for the consolidation of third and fourth-class mail matter. This measure has been urged by the Post-office Department for seventeen years. It merely restores a rate for carrying merchandise that was in effect in 1874—thirty-two years ago. At that time we led the world in the postal facilities we offered our people. Our rate of eight cents a pound for carrying merchandise was six years ahead of the International Parcels Post of Europe and nine years ahead of the Parcels Post of Great Britain. Now we are in the rear of the procession we used to lead. We charge twice as much for carrying merchandise as we charged thirty-two years ago, and over nine times as much as Germany, Austria, and France charge to-day. We charge twice as much to carry a parcel within the limits of a single city as it would cost to send it from end to end of the world-circling British Empire. And Chairman Overstreet will not even give a hearing to the people who wish to show why we should do a little better.



THE AWAKENING OF CHINA—THE FIRST TRACK ATHLETIC MEET HELD AT CANTON

In this picturesque and significant contest, Western ideas were followed even to having a rah-rah cheer from the winners, the students of the Canton Christian College. The viceroy, who had presented a banner to be given to the winning team, was present and some 15,000 enthusiastic spectators. Several young Celestials contended violently enough to require the service of the hospital corps before they could leave the field.

Mr. Sibley, another member of this remarkable Post-office Committee, said on April 7 that it was a mistake to suppose that the railroads were largely overpaid for carrying the mails. He told the House that as a member of the committee he desired to put before them the facts in relation to railway mail pay without "hysteria"—useful word. He remarked that this subject was a fruitful field for comment by "young newspaper and magazine writers"—a lot of poor devils who seem to have no friends just now among statesmen. In bright contrast with these wretched persons Mr. Sibley pictured the railroad managers—"honorable gentlemen, the peers of any men in all the breadth of our continent," who "have, by their energy and genius, been potential agents in our national development." He spoke of the organization of the first fast mail train between New York and Chicago on the New York Central and Lake Shore Railroads in 1875, and of its discontinuance by Messrs. Vanderbilt and Scott, immediately following the action of Congress reducing its compensation. History might repeat itself, Mr. Sibley said, were Congress to attempt, in spite of advice, to reduce the present rate of its own sweet autocratic will. So long as the criticism of railroads was confined to irresponsible writers managers of railroads would ignore it, but when the assertions of irresponsible writers seemed to receive the approval of Congress and the public, there was but one course left open, the withdrawing of the special postal facilities. The completeness of Mr. Sibley's redemption may be realized when it is remembered that he used to be a Free Silver Democrat, who shuddered at the crimes of the Money Power.



THE CANTON CHRISTIAN COLLEGE'S WINNING TEAM

a tariff law. Every interest is good for so many votes, and when you have combined interests enough, your simple little problem is solved.

When we begin to revise, the Speaker thinks, we shall have to make the revision complete, in the form of a compromise that will command a majority of the three hundred and eighty-six Representatives and of the ninety Senators. Such a revision, in his opinion, "will halt production, consumption, and commerce for at least twelve months, and when the compromise is enacted as a whole it will probably not be an improvement on the existing law." He does not believe that the majority of the people wish to interfere with the present prosperity of the country, but he has no doubt that the time will come when a general revision will be entered upon. "For the general interest of the whole country," however, he would have that revision postponed as long as possible. Finally Mr. Cannon remarks that Congress reflects the will of the people, and that there will be a general Congressional election next November. "Our friends the enemy," he adds, "insist on an immediate revision of the tariff. If a majority of the people demand immediate general revision they will elect a majority of the members of this House in favor of immediate general revision."

This Delphic utterance may be variously interpreted. The persons who favor an immediate revision of the tariff are classed as "our friends the enemy." That would naturally include only the depraved Democrats. But what if President Roosevelt should urge tariff revision? What of the Re-

publican revisers from Massachusetts, Minnesota, and Wisconsin? What of Governor Cummins and the "Iowa idea"? Do all these come under the head of "our friends the enemy"? And the Speaker's suggestion that if the people want immediate general revision they will elect a majority of Representatives who favor that policy—is that an invitation to Republican tariff revisers to cast their votes for Democrats?

Mr. Cannon finds it increasingly difficult to suppress the discontent with the tariff situation in his own party. On April 7 Representative Perkins of Rochester delivered an assault on the Lead Trust and its protection. "Good friends of the tariff," he said, "have always desired that any changes in it should be made by the Republican party, but it needs no prophet to see that if the Republican party will not make any changes they will some day be made by those whose action will be less considerate, less friendly, and less wise." Mr. Perkins took the American Smelting Company, commonly called the Lead Trust, as a type of the vicious abuse of the principle of protection. He described its stock as "pure, unadulterated water, not polluted by even a dollar's worth of anything substantial or of value." On sales of approximately five hundred million pounds a year he figured the Trust's profits from the operation of the present tariff at from \$7,500,000 to \$10,000,000 a year, representing the entire dividends on \$100,000,000 of stock "which represents nothing but the paper on which it is printed." Mr. Perkins warned his party friends that while object-lessons like this might not be considered by legislators, they would be likely to have their effect upon the people who chose them.

TARIFF RUMBLINGS

Speaker Cannon, the most hardened and inveterate of all stand-patters, has admitted that the tariff will have to be revised, but says that revision must come all together.

WHEN Saul made his unexpected entry among the prophets his new character was no more surprising than the appearance of Speaker Cannon with a prediction of tariff revision. It is true that the Speaker does not welcome revision, but he admits that it is sure to come.

In an authorized statement drawn out by some inquiries from certain pottery manufacturers of East Liverpool, Ohio, Mr. Cannon remarks that "there are many people in the country who believe that a single schedule or a few schedules of the tariff may be amended." It is not a very hazardous speculation to guess that some of the people the Speaker has in mind live in the latitude of Massachusetts. But Mr. Cannon tells them that their scheme will not work, because "while an amendment to a single schedule might please a single interest it could not command enough votes to enact it." It is only interests, of course, not principles, that are to be considered in making up

A REAL PARLIAMENT

In spite of all discouragements the Russian people have resolved to take the Duma seriously and use it for what it is worth. They have swept the whole empire

THE result of the elections to the Russian Duma is really more impressive than the wild uprisings that have been so ruthlessly suppressed by Cossack sabres. It shows a political capacity and a tenacity of purpose on the part of the people for which previous events had left the world unprepared. Everything indicated that the elections would be an empty form. Never was a nation possessed of the pretense of a free choice more shamelessly dragooned. Never was the work of packing an elective assembly carried on with less concealment. The "rawness" of the work of intimidation and fraud would have shocked Durham in the palmiest days of the Philadelphia ring. Not only was the very plan of the Duma carefully framed to strain out all radical candidacies in advance, but when, nevertheless, liberal candidates did come to the front they were imprisoned in bulk.

Yet, in spite of all, the irrepressible determination of the people has forced its way to the surface. In

St. Petersburg the Constitutional Democrats elected every one of the one hundred and sixty electors, although sixty per cent of the voters are Government employees and the election was held on their pay day. Radical victories have been general in the cities, and even in the country.

When the electoral colleges of half the provinces of the empire elected a third of the Parliament on April 8, not a single reactionary gained a seat. Even the Cossacks turned Progressive. It is still a question how far the Duma will be independent of Palace pressure, but it is certain that the advanced element in it will be so strong as to give the Russian people such a platform for the expression of their will as they have never had before. Meanwhile, the active revolutionists are preparing for outbreaks on a greater scale than ever before.

RIO AND THE HAGUE

July is to be a history-making month. The Second Peace Conference is to meet at The Hague and the American republics will confer at Rio de Janeiro

THE world is facing an embarrassment of diplomatic riches in July. The Russian Emperor has selected the first two weeks of that month for the meeting of the Second Peace Conference at The Hague. At about the same time what may prove to be the most important Pan-American Congress that ever assembled is to be in session at Rio de Janeiro. It has been suggested that the Czar had a sinister purpose in making the Peace Conference conflict in date with the Congress of Rio de Janeiro—that his action was inspired by European jealousy of the influence of the United States with the American republics, and that his hope was to make the Pan-American gathering a failure. Such an assumption seems rather strained, however. The supply of diplomatic talent in the American republics is not so low as to make it impossible to send delegations to both conferences. Nevertheless the South Americans are offended at the collision, and are trying to have The Hague gathering postponed.

The Second Hague Conference will meet under much more favorable conditions than the first one. Then Russia's desire for peace was distrusted. The Czar was suspected of the most Machiavellian designs. The notions afloat in the western mind were fairly illustrated in a fantastic magazine story, which represented Russia hiding an army of half a million men in a secret camp in Siberia, ready to overrun Europe as soon as the other Powers should be beguiled into disarming. The Japanese War showed that Russia had no hidden armies, no deep-laid plans, and was not ready to overrun anything. When the Powers come together again nobody will suspect the sincerity of her desire for peace. Nor will there be serious suspicions of any other Power. The Algieras Conference was a dress rehearsal for The Hague. It was shown there that there was nowhere in the civilized world a readiness to take the awful responsibility of breaking the peace of mankind.

With all its disadvantages, The Hague Conference of 1899 accomplished substantial results. It brought together twenty-seven Powers of Europe, Asia, and America, and induced sixteen of them to agree upon a scheme of international arbitration, and fifteen to pledge themselves to a new code of rules humanizing warfare by land and sea. Best of all, it provided for the creation of a permanent tribunal which may in time develop into a Supreme Court of the World. It suggested a partial program for a second Congress, including such important subjects as the rights and duties of neutrals, the limitation of armaments and of war

budgets, the inviolability of private property at sea, and the question of the bombardment of seaports. It was impossible in 1899 to gain any serious consideration for any agreement to check the insane competition in war preparations, but the world may have learned something since.

The program proposed by Russia this year is based largely upon these recommendations of the former conference, with changes suggested by subsequent events. It comprises plans for making arbitration simpler, and a long list of regulations for the conduct of land and naval warfare. Except for the first item it seems to be more a guide to gentlemanly warfare than a provision for peace. Russia may be discouraged by the reception her proposal for the limitation of armaments met with in 1899, but times have changed since then, and there seems no reason why the Powers that are gasping for breath in the insane struggle for bigger armies and navies should not mutually agree to ease up the competition.

The program to be considered by the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro was prepared at Washington by a committee presided over by Secretary Root and including the ambassadors from Brazil and Mexico, and the Ministers from Costa Rica, Chile, Cuba, and Argentina, and was approved by the Bureau of American Republics on April 4. It embraces fourteen subjects, of which the most important are arbitration, the use of force for the collection of public debts, the codification of public and private international law, the development of commercial intercourse among the American republics, the simplification and coordination of customs and consular laws, the regulation of patents, trade-marks, and copyrights, sanitary police and quarantine, the Pan-American Railway, and provision for future conferences.

It will be observed that without neglecting the great principles of international brotherhood that have permeated all the gatherings of the American republics since Mr. Blaine called the first Pan-American Conference seventeen years ago, and indeed since the revolting Spanish-American States sent their representatives to Panama in 1825, this program is essentially one of business. The overshadowing necessity that confronts a European Congress is to concert ways of keeping the Powers represented in it from flying at each other's throats. The American nations are in the happier position of being able to devote most of their attention to questions of trade and public improvements. It was hoped that it would be possible at Rio de

Janeiro among themselves. Nobody thinks of asking Great Britain to send a fleet to the Gulf of Mexico because British capitalists hold repudiated Mississippi bonds. The seizure of custom houses for public debts is a recourse practised only against the weak, and naturally weak nations find it humiliating. The general acceptance of the Drago doctrine would relieve the United States of embarrassing, if self-imposed, responsibilities, and it would give a new access of self-respect to South America, whose governments would then naturally fall into the ranks to which their characters entitled them. Unfortunately, as the conference at Rio de Janeiro is not to meet until July 21, there seems no way of bringing its work to the attention of the Peace Parliament of the world, unless the date of The Hague Conference be changed.

PEACE IN HUNGARY

The Hapsburg Emperor-King has abandoned the attempt to govern his Hungarian subjects outside the Constitution and has broken the deadlock by a compromise

THE dangerous crisis which threatened to tear the Austro-Hungarian monarchy apart came to a sudden end on April 6, when the King and the advanced Hungarian parties agreed to postpone their differences and restore constitutional government under a Coalition Ministry. The deadlock had seemed complete, and the country had been drifting rapidly toward the condition of Russia. The Magyars, although only a minority of the people of Hungary, were so favored by the electoral machinery that they could always be sure of electing the great bulk of the members of Parliament. They had chosen to put in power a party which desired to reduce the connection with Austria to a merely nominal personal bond. It made a test of the language of the words of command in the army, which it insisted should be Hungarian, while the King was willing to stake his crown upon his determination that it should remain German. Its leaders refused to form a government except upon their own terms, and therefore the King put Baron Fejervary in charge of a provisional government, ruling without Parliamentary sanction. Parliament was prorogued by force, the freedom of speech and of the press was suppressed, agitators were arbitrarily arrested, and Hungary was practically without a Constitution. Such a situation left only two alternatives—compromise or fight.

Both sides thought best to compromise. On April 6 Count Andrássy and Francis Kossuth, the leaders of the Coalition party, held a conference with the King, as the result of which it was agreed that Alexander Wekerle should form a Cabinet which should supervise an immediate election under the old suffrage laws. The Parliament so chosen was to pass the bills necessary to keep the administrative machine, including the army, running, maintain the commercial treaties, and extend the commercial union with Austria until 1917. Then it was to pass a law establishing universal suffrage and be dissolved. The questions in dispute with the Crown were to remain unsettled until after this appeal to the whole nation. After

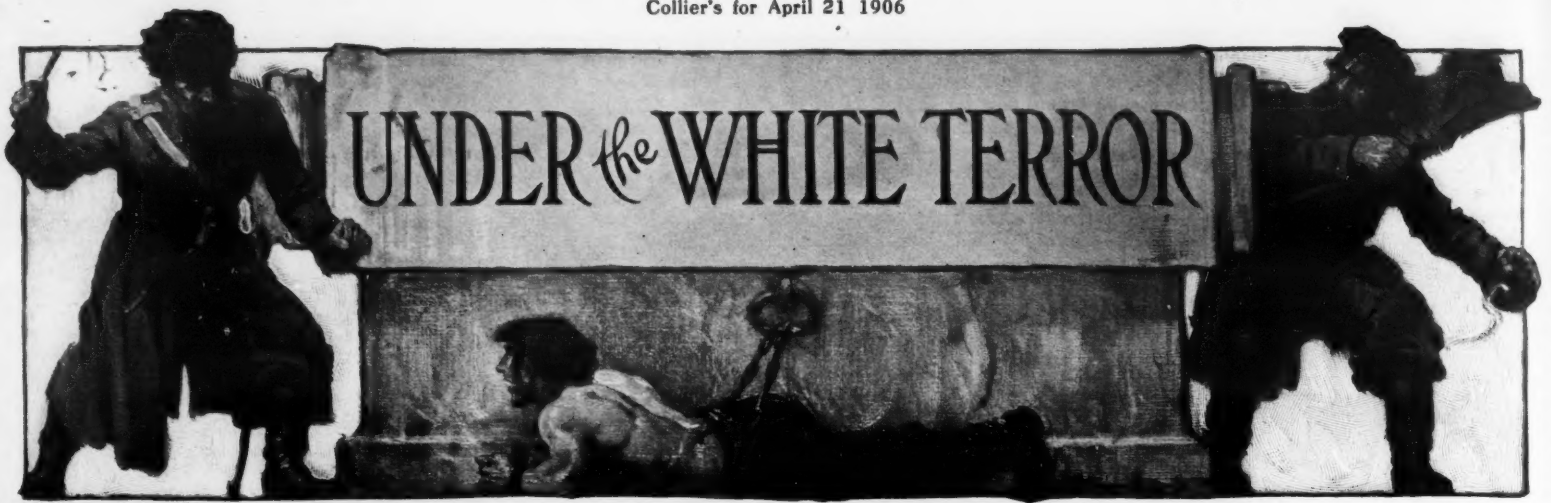
that the Government was to be constituted in accordance with the will of the majority so chosen. If universal suffrage carries with it a fair apportionment of representatives there is no telling how that majority will stand. But it is hardly likely that the Magyars who now control the Parliamentary machinery will surrender their advantage in that respect. Their own independence is no dearer to them than the right of suppressing the independence of the Rumanians and Slovaks who have been so long under their rule.



AMERICAN OLYMPIAN ATHLETES OFF FOR ATHENS

The members of the team that is to represent the United States in the Olympic Games at Athens about to sail for Naples on the North German Lloyd steamer "Barbarossa," April 3, sped by a cheering crowd

Janeiro to make some additions to the accepted rules of international law and have them afterward receive the world's sanction at The Hague. One of these relates to the collection of public debts by force. There is a deep feeling in South America that when an investor risks his money on the strength of a contract with the government of another country he ought to take his own chances, and not depend upon his own government to collect his claim with warships. This "Drago doctrine" is undisputed in the relations of great



By ALBERT EDWARDS

This is the second of a series of three articles picturing the horrors of the recent uprising of peasants against the landlords in the Baltic Provinces of Russia. The writer was the first American correspondent to witness the work of "pacification" as carried out by the Tartar General Orloff, now generally designated "the Butcher"

FROM one of the windows of my room at Warmo I could see the ruins of the schloss, an old stronghold of the Knights of the Teutonic Order. Ivan the Terrible burned it down in 1577, when he swept through Livonia with fire and sword and wild hordes from the East—Mongols and Tartars.

From another window I could see a black smudge of smoke, twenty versts away on the snowy horizon. Orloff, the Butcher, is ravaging the country with his Cossacks in this, the year of our Lord 1906, even as Ivan did some five centuries ago.

I spent a day in the little village of Fellin. But the people were too terrorized to talk, and I could only get the barest information. Fifty-three peasants had been executed in the last few weeks, and no one knew how many had been "knouted." One peasant, whom I persuaded to talk, told me that every day fresh blood comes up from the graves of those who have been shot, and this is a sure sign, he said, that they were innocent. For this miracle only happens when a man has been murdered. I did not see this blood, and so can not vouch for it, but the peasant believed it. And it is certain that most of the people look upon these military executions as cold-blooded murder.

Warmo was also in the grip of the Cossacks. Our train arrived about midnight, and my interpreter and I were both searched and closely questioned before we were allowed to leave the station. As the village was under martial law, no one, without a special permit, was allowed on the streets after nine o'clock. The houses were all dark and the streets deserted, except for stray dogs and the frequent patrols of Cossacks. We were stopped and had to show our permits at almost every corner. As the jails were already overcrowded, the soldiers had been instructed not to arrest people for the violation of this nine o'clock law—but just to beat them.

Men Shot and Flogged

While we were drinking some coffee at the hotel, we managed to get some information from the waiter. At first he was very cautious and loth to speak, but when he had seen my American passport and was convinced that we were not spies, he told us the talk of the town. Eight men had been shot and many flogged. A dozen farms in the vicinity had been burned by the troops. And it was not yet over. He told us that two girls were to be shot in the morning, but he did not know the particulars.

At first the executions had been in public, he told us; the soldiers compelled the townspeople to attend—so to strike greater terror into their hearts. But those who were shot had always managed to shout some daring words of encouragement—some call for vengeance—or at least to sing seditious songs. Of late the executions had been private. No one knew when or where, in fact no one knew just who or how many had been shot. Even the relatives were not always informed. It was not well to talk, he told us, and there were only rumors.

During the night I was startled into wakefulness by the clatter of horses' hoofs on the frozen snow; wild shadows danced on the walls of my room, thrown by some waving light outside. It was a troop of Cossacks, going out for some Devil's work in the country. Those in front were carrying glaring pine knots—not for light, as the moon was full—but to start the thatch roof of some peasant's home. They rode hunched in their saddles—sullen from the night work and the cold. It was a weird sight, not soon to be forgotten—the peace of the night, and the snow startled as it were by the flare of the torches, the grim faces of the men, and the grimmer business before them.

In the morning I set out to find the commanding officer. I had not yet seen one of the men who were directly ordering these executions, and I wished, if

possible, to get him to talk about what he was doing. The headquarters were in the manor-house, a strong two-story building, surrounded by a heavy stone wall and a network of barbed wire. In the courtyard there was a battery of field guns. The commandant was away, but the sentinel told me that he would return in a few minutes and that I could wait upstairs.

The lower part of the château was occupied by common soldiers; they were loafing around in undress, on trusses of straw and foul blankets. On the walls there were some fine old pictures, but the soldiers had made a pig-sty of the place. Upstairs I was ushered into the baron's "cabinet." The regimental clerk, his red jacket hung on a boar's head, was writing at a great mahogany desk. The owner of the château had fled to Germany some months before, he told me, and the soldiers had turned out the caretaker and had made them-

dents could not be allowed at large. I produced my permit from the Governor-General. The seals made an impression on him. I don't think he could read—and he looked carefully at both sides of the document, and then said that, of course, it changed matters. I called his attention to a special paragraph permitting me to use a camera. He flew into a rage. He had given general orders not to allow photographing, and he could not countermand them through all his division on my account. If I wanted to take my chances I could. If I was arrested, he would order my release, but the soldiers might shoot me first and arrest me afterward. I resolved to use my camera with discretion.

As he was not in a proper frame of mind to be interviewed, I left as gracefully as possible. The man impressed me as one of too small calibre to be noticed in ordinary life. But placed as he was—responsible only to Orloff, the Butcher, with absolute power of life and death over ten thousand peasants—he was grimly significant. As I rode back to the hotel, I thought with greater sympathy of the anxiety and terror that shone in the eyes of all the townspeople.

Various rumors were afloat in the hotel about the girls—five of them were in prison. Some said that two had already been shot, and that the rest were to be flogged. Others thought that all had been or were to be shot. "They won't let any of them out," one man said. "They might tell what the soldiers have done to them there in the prison."

In a meagre farmhouse, some versts from the village, I found the Estonian pastor—a white-haired, sweet old man, he might have been the "meenister" in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." He had never been interviewed before and had heard wild tales of American journalists, so at first he was ill at ease.

Hatred of the Germans

It was all a struggle with the barons, he said, and to understand it one must go back to the time when the Germans first conquered the Ests. He was not full of figures and statistics to show the oppression of the people, as some whom I met later, but it was the human side he spoke of; not of the unfair laws and overburdening taxation, but of the bitter disappointment which had overwhelmed his father, when, after the emancipation, the realization had been forced upon him that, although he was no longer a serf, still, from lack of land, he must work for the baron as slavishly as ever; of the fierce struggle of the children to get some advantage of their freedom; how his two younger brothers, beaten by the hopelessness of it, had been forced away from home, one to die in South Africa and the other still struggling somewhere in the gold fields of Alaska.

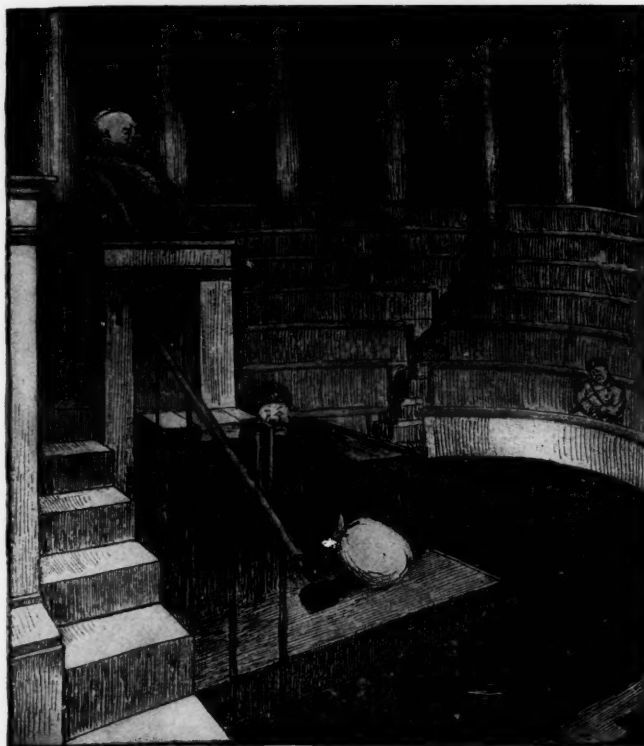
His hatred of the Germans was intense. "They only care for us when we are full-grown and strong," he said, "when our muscles are worth money to them. When we are children our families must care for us—and so when we are too old to work."

He told me of all the different attempts of his people to free themselves from the German yoke. "No generation has passed," he said, "without trying. Revolt against these landlords is a tradition with us. Once we were a free people and sometime we will be again. With us it is a Holy War."

I interrupted him. "Holy War?" I said. "I am something of a Tolstoian, and I find it hard to believe that bloodshed and violence can ever be holy."

The old man jumped up and lost all caution in his excitement. "Holy War! Holy War! Isn't the Good Book full of Holy Wars? Doesn't it speak of righteous indignation? What is holy if not to struggle for freedom? What sort of a man would I be, if I didn't encourage my people in this fight?"

He stopped suddenly and the color left his face as he



THE FIRST SESSION OF THE DUMA

A Russian caricaturist's idea just before the elections. Count Witte presides over rows of benches occupied by one soldier, with the secretary guarding a bag of bribe money. This cartoon appeared in a paper circulated secretly by the revolutionists

selves at home. The clerk thought it was a great joke. Leaning back in the heavy leather chair, his hobnailed boots on the expensive table, he told me all the wonderful things they had found in the attics and cellars. Just as I was diplomatically switching him on to the subject of the recent military operations, there was a commotion downstairs. My friend, the clerk, immediately plunged into his work and looked as though he had never opened his mouth. The commandant had arrived.

He was a short, heavy-set man, with no brains in sight. I had steeled myself for an interview with him, and had resolved to be polite, so I held out my hand. It was quite useless. He kept his right hand in his great-coat pocket, his finger on the trigger of his revolver. He apparently realized that he wasn't popular.

I explained my mission to him, and he told me curtly that, as the country was under martial law, correspon-

realized that what he had said might hang him. He sat down stiffly and looked at me searchingly. I hastened to reassure him.

"Yes, yes. I am not afraid," he said, "you come from America where all is liberty. You will not betray an old man who wants his people to be free."

After that he talked freely, told me case after case of heartless oppression—widows coming home from their husbands' funerals to find their homes closed against them, peasants freezing to death for lack of fuel, because the landlord held his woods too dear. Some barons he was careful to except; they were humane and were loved by the people. But the great majority did not speak Estonian and spent most of their time abroad, leaving their peasantry to the mercy of brutal agents and gamekeepers. The landlords have a thousand ways of squeezing the people. They own, not only the land, but all the mills, dairies, and most of the stores. The peasants must rent their land, buy their fuel and provisions from the barons at exorbitant prices, and sell their produce to the same barons for what they call pay. There are no rich natives in the country and no poor Germans. The only way for an Est to prosper is to leave home and tempt fortune among strangers.

The pastor when he spoke of the recent troubles was very bitter against the Socialists, who, he says, are all atheists. And he assured me that there was a sharp distinction in the minds of the peasants between those revolutionary leaders who were only against the landlords and those who were also against God. In his parish there had been no violence by the peasants. "But," he said, "it did no good to be quiet. They did not burn the châteaux nor kill any one, only told the landlords and officials to go away, and then elected new committees—but when the troops came it was just as bad as if they had burned everything." He only knew personally of two executions, but he believed that eight or ten had been shot. I asked him if he had been present at any of the executions.

"Yes," he said. "Last week Tuesday a soldier came for me and said that Bogoff, the bookseller, wanted me to pray with him. I was very much surprised because Bogoff was a Socialist and was always against God. But I was also very glad, as I thought his heart had been softened. The soldier took me to the chateau where I found that they were waiting for me. The commandant told me to be quick. Bogoff was in a little room standing by the window, his hands tied behind him, his hair grayer than when I had seen him last—he was looking out at the snow and the sun. There were some Cossacks there, but they couldn't understand Estonian.

A Brutal Execution

"Good day, Pastor," he said. "I didn't want you to pray, but I thought you would take a message for me. I want you to tell the men not to give up. We can't fight when the troops are so many. But the time will come. Tell them the time will come." And then he gave me a word for his wife and children. "Tell the boy, Pastor, tell him that his father wants him to be a revolutionist."

"Then the commandant came in and said he couldn't waste any more time, said he didn't believe that all the prayers in Christendom could keep a rebel out of hell. They led Bogoff out to the stable yard and made him stand with his face to the wall.

"Tell them not to be discouraged, Pastor," he called, and then began singing the 'Marseillaise.' He is an old man and his voice is cracked, but he sang as well as he could. I knelt down and prayed God to make him repent—like the thief on the cross. I heard the young lieutenant say: 'Ready!' then: 'Aim!' There was a frightfully long pause, and I opened my eyes. The young lieutenant's face was very white; he was wetting his lips with his tongue. Then he said, 'Fire!' I am afraid Bogoff didn't repent."

The pastor stopped talking. I think he was praying for the soul of this man. After a minute he looked up and I asked him if he knew anything about the girls who were in prison.

"Yes," he said, and his face looked very old. "My wife heard that two were shot last night, but I am not sure. I knew them very well. They were good girls. I confirmed them both. One is twenty years old; she has been away at school in Riga, and nobody knows why they have taken her; perhaps she was a revolutionist in the city.

"The other is only nineteen. It is very sad. She has sung in the choir of my church ever since she was a little girl; her voice was very sweet. But she stopped coming in the summer. She said she was too busy, but I am afraid she had been reading some Socialist books against God. It was a great blow to my choir when she left. She arranged one of the meetings at the school-house. Two people from the Teachers' Union came to speak; they wanted the schools to be in Estonian and non-sectarian." His voice dropped as though that was all.

"But surely," I said, "they must have some more serious charge against her. Arranging a meeting—

especially after the Czar's manifesto—they wouldn't shoot a person for that."

"Perhaps there is something else," he said, "but I think that was all."

Bringing in the Captives

On my way back to the hotel I had to crowd into a doorway to avoid being knocked down by a troop of Cossacks who were returning from a "punitive expedition" in the country. I think they were the same I had seen go out during the night. They were singing a wild drinking song, glad to get back to their barracks and hot stoves. They had five prisoners—an old man, three men in their prime, and a boy of fifteen. The prisoners were on foot, but each was tied by a long rope to a saddle horn. They had hard work keeping up with the trotting horses. I don't know how far they had come. The boy had a look of bravado, the younger



AN EXAMPLE TO ENCOURAGE THE OTHERS

The Czar's Cossack restorers of order burning a revolutionist's house in a pacified Baltic village

men were dogged and sullen, but the old man's eyes shone as though he saw a vision.

Ozat, my Lettish interpreter, was born not far from Warmo, and we decided to visit his home. It was off the railroad and four hours by sledge, a glorious ride, over rolling hills and through magnificent pine forests.

He became very excited as we neared his home; he had not been back for more than five years. He pointed out the landmarks and told me the legends of the place.

The baron's schloss, a fine old chateau of the fifteenth century, stood on a hill to the right of the road. Some Italian landscape gardener had laid out the park; the rugged pines looked strangely incongruous, in place of yews and poplars. On a knoll facing the estate he pointed out a crumbling wooden cross. A young girl, some generations ago, had committed suicide, he told me, because the baron's son had refused to acknowledge their child. The pastor would not allow her to be buried in consecrated ground, so her brothers had made a grave for her there in sight of the manor house. When the old baron had heard the story he had been very angry and had ordered his gamekeeper to pull down the cross. The next night some one entered the church and defaced the tombs of the noble's ancestors, and the cross had been put up again. Since then it has stood there undisturbed, a reproach to the barons and a reminder to the people.

A little farther on we passed the house where Ozat had been born. It had been the

home of his family for more than two hundred years. On the death of his father they had had to abandon it, because of the exorbitant rent. Every five years the terms of the lease had been made harder. His father had had to pay a large sum in money, more in produce, and thirty days of labor to the landlord. It did not matter how badly his own fields needed him, if the baron wanted any extra hand he had to go and let his own crops rot.

Ozat's two sisters were married to prosperous peasants, one an

apothecary in the village, the other a tenant. The home-coming was not joyous, as there was bad news. The tenant brother-in-law had been arrested and his wife was seriously sick from anxiety. He had been treasurer of the Social Democratic Club and active in the short-lived revolutionary committee. A week before our arrival the troops had come and taken him. Since then the family had received no news, and it was more than probable that he had been shot.

The apothecary was a good example of what Prince Kropotkin had called "a well-disposed and respectable peasant." He had a comfortable home, two drug stores—the only ones for six thousand peasants—and he employed a doctor to make trade for him. Every year he laid aside a comfortable margin and would be able to send his sons to the university. Socialism had nothing to offer him and he had much to lose.

The degree of culture in his family was a pleasant surprise. He and the doctor, who lives with them, are both university men; his wife knows Russian and German well and reads English. A sister speaks Russian and French. In the sitting-room there were files of the best European reviews, and there was a library of two or three hundred well-chosen books—from Darwin to Heine.

Although the apothecary was not a revolutionist, he was an intense patriot, and is willing to fight, if necessary, to free his people from the oppression of the German barons. He belonged to the Constitutional Party. Their demands are almost the same as those advocated by Prince Kropotkin, namely, the right of the people to choose their own pastors, to have schools in their native language, to have fair representation in the local government and the immediate abolition of all the survivals of feudalism, such as the roadbuilding service and other unpaid labor for the landlords. They go farther than Kropotkin, in regard to taxation reforms, as they advocate a cumulative land tax. They also demand that the Crown and Church lands be sold to the peasants on easy payments.

He has no sympathy with the cry of the landless peasants for the expropriation of the big proprietors and a redistribution of the land. And he doesn't believe that they can get it by violence. But, secretly, he is glad that they had burned the châteaux, as he hopes this will frighten the landlords into granting the reforms he wants.

The Lack of Harmony

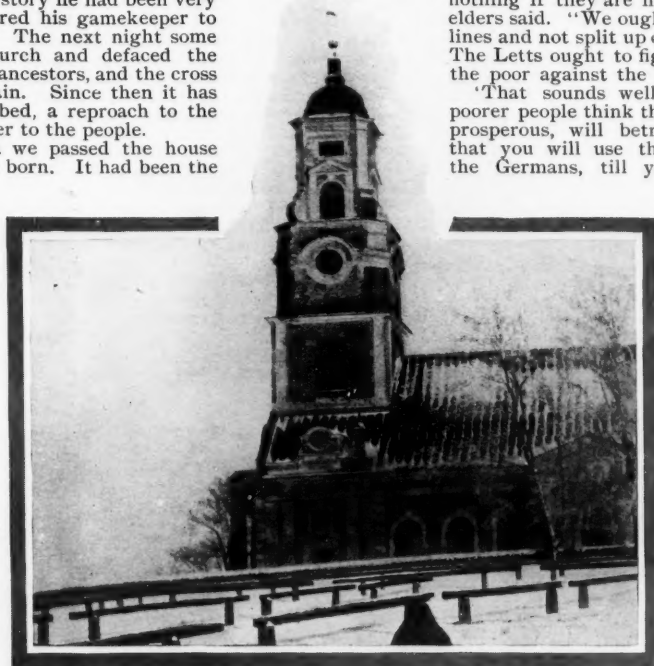
In the evening several of his friends came in—some of the village elders, and the acting secretary of the local council. The real secretary had accepted a position in the Revolutionary Government and was then in hiding. They were all members of the Constitutional Party and of similar opinions with the apothecary. Although they claimed to be Conservatives they hated the Germans and despised the Russian Government. But they thought that their wants could be better satisfied by peaceful means than by violence. Their objection to violence was on the ground of expediency.

In order to draw them out I took a more radical position. They were bitter in their attacks on Socialism. "Our people can do nothing if they are not united," one of the elders said. "We ought to unite on national lines and not split up on economic grounds. The Letts ought to fight the Germans—not the poor against the rich."

"That sounds well," I said, "but the poorer people think that you, who are more prosperous, will betray them. They say that you will use them to fight against the Germans, till you get the reforms you want, and that then you will throw them over and not help them to get a redistribution of the land."

"These Socialist ideas are all dreams," the secretary said. "There isn't any country in the world where there is Socialism. What good would it be to overthrow this Government? No government ever gave everybody land."

The Landtag (the council of landlords) meets in Riga on the 9th of March, and there will be a fierce discussion over these reforms. Some who were formerly re-



LUTHERAN CHURCH AT NEUNHOFF—INSURGENT CENTRE

The pastor was thrown out of the window while the people sang the 'Marseillaise'

actionary will be scared into Liberalism, and some who were before willing to grant reforms will think it undignified to appear to be forced into it. Both sides expect to win.

If the reforms are granted, the apothecary and his class will become staunch supporters of the Government. If not, they will probably lose faith in peaceful means and join the revolutionists.

These Constitutionalists admit that they represent the interests of only a small minority of the population, but they claim the majority of common sense. How large a percentage of the people sympathize with them it is impossible to tell. Only a quarter of the peasants have access to the land, and the landless are, almost without exception, connected with the revolutionary and so-called Social Democratic parties. And a great many of the more prosperous peasants—like Ozat's tenant brother-in-law—have thrown in their lot with the majority.

These peasant organizations call themselves Social Democratic in order to affiliate with the true Socialist parties of the cities. In reality they are not at all communistic. Some of the peasants believe that the land should be divided into small tracts and given outright to individuals. Others say that the land should be owned by the Volosts and rented out on the Henry George plan. There is very little resemblance between their ideas and those of the strict Marxians.

The next morning we went to see the Lutheran pastor. Although a German and appointed by the barons, he is sympathetic with the people and is generally respected. "All this struggle over the 'patronat'—the right of the landlords to appoint the clergy—is a local rather than a general question," he said. "If there had not been real cause for trouble in other parishes, I would not

have been bothered here. But agitators from elsewhere came and told the people that it was a national question, and that the Letts must throw out all German pastors whether they liked it or not. The first I knew of the agitation was when I received an invitation to join the Socialist club, stating that if I didn't join it would be taken as a sign that I was opposed to the welfare of the people. At the same time I received this letter." And he translated for me the following:

"THE LETTISH SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC UNION OF THE VILLAGE OF HALLATAS

"To the Pastor of Hallatas.—At a meeting of the Social Democratic Union, on the 4th of December, 1905, at which more than three hundred persons were present, it was unanimously decided to send these instructions to the pastor of Hallatas:

"It is your business to preach the Word of God, but you must never preach politics which accord with the interests of our oppressors. For example, you must not say: 'Every man must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow.' 'Blessed are the meek,' 'Whosoever endureth to the end will win a heavenly crown,' 'We must obey our rulers, because they are appointed by God,' 'Return good for evil,' 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' 'Render unto God the things that are God's and unto the Czar the things that are the Czar's,' etc.

"If the pastor uses such texts it is evident that he wishes the people to be in a worse condition than at present.

"The pastor is instructed to preach, in the future, only such politics as are in accord with the interests of the Lettish people.

"We hope that you will follow these instructions, but if not we will boycott the Church."

"This happened in the middle of the week," he continued, "and the next Sunday I preached a special sermon. I told them first that I was in sympathy with

their aims—to have more to eat, more freedom, and more happiness. That it was not only a man's right but his duty to strive for these things—that the stronger, freer, happier a man was, the better he could serve God. But this did not mean, I said, that I was in favor of every political party that claimed to represent these ideals, and that as a servant of God I could not join myself with any body of men who denied Him.

"And as for these instructions," I said, "I can pay no attention to them. I will read the Bible and preach from my pulpit as God inspires me, and I will not shirk my duty on account of any threats. If you want me to leave I will go quietly; there is no need for violence—even in words."

"That was the end of the religious war in Hallatas," he continued, "but in many places it has been very serious. Some of the 'patrons' are not godly men; they take no interest in the Church, and appoint relatives or friends without any regard to their fitness. Few understand the people; many are ignorant and some are wicked."

He told me of one case where the pastor was a drunkard and very fond of cards. No devout people would come into the church, and one Sunday when he entered the pulpit, he saw only three men in the pews—tenants of his, who came from fear. The pastor looked them over and said: "You men have often heard me talk; you know what I think about God and morals; it would be a waste of time for me to preach. Come over to my house and we will all have some vodka."

"You mustn't think," he said, as I was going away, "that these people are irreligious because they drive out their pastors and even shoot them. They are deeply religious. But in some cases the pastors are not."

MY FATHER'S BROTHER

IT IS A WISE NIECE WHO KNOWS HER OWN UNCLE

By JOHN FARWELL MOORS

WHEN, after father's death, I received an invitation from my Uncle Charley to live with him, my first impulse was to decline, for Uncle Charley had been looked upon by us as the irresponsible member of my father's family, a clubman and a "sport"—father's emphasis of the last word had always been scathing. Since then, I have been told that both father and Uncle Charley were once in love with mother, and that, when father won her, Uncle Charley went to the great war and was an unexpectedly gallant soldier. I have also been told that those were wonderful times for sweethearts, and that in camp the blessed moment of the day was when letters from home were distributed, but that Uncle Charley never took any interest in them, except in passing them to others. I was brought up carefully by a handsome, commanding, successful father of unblemished character, and, during my early childhood, by a mother who worshiped him. Looking back now, I can see that the truly religious atmosphere of our household, in which my father was always the central figure, developed in my small person a sadly priggish notion of my own righteousness. I was careful to have none of the small vices of my companions, even holding aloof from many of their games, lest I, too, might fall into the condemned class of my uncle, the "sport." "Your uncle is my brother; I would have you think well of him," father was wont to say. My youthful conclusion was that father was magnanimous, and that I should disapprove my uncle but should be distantly polite to him.

When at last the question was forced upon me of accepting kindness or not from Uncle Charley, an injunction of father's immediately rose before my mind: "Love your enemies, but do not receive favors from them." I fear that my mind conceived at the time an enemy as one whom I did not like, and to love one whom I did not like was dangerously near to condescending to him. Even to-day it seems to me more logical to have no enemies than to love them.

Uncle Charley's invitation was written at his club, an austere stone building, with a frowning door, flanked by Doric columns, which had always invested itself, in my imagination, with almost supernatural attributes, impressing me both in a physical and a spiritual sense as the sepulchre of my uncle's life. The invitation read as follows:

"MY DEAR ELIZABETH.—It is an ill wind that blows no one any good. I am wondering whether you can be prevailed on to brighten the house of a lonely old uncle who still walks off briskly but puffs more than he once did, a reprobate who is in sad need of good influences. If you would make this sacrifice, I know a reprehensible party who would be grateful beyond words. Your affectionate

"UNCLE CHARLEY."

After much deliberation, I at last accepted this invitation, but I signed myself, with a sense of accuracy: "Yours sincerely, Elizabeth."

My uncle was good to me when I went to him, giving me the best apartment in his house, and taking for himself a little room with an old iron bed. He was nearly always at home in the evening, abjuring apparently the fast society to which he had been accustomed, but entertaining himself with remarks which I was slow to perceive contained jokes.

"I have had greatness thrust upon me," said he one evening, laying down his paper and looking at me over his spectacles. "I have been called upon to perform an important public service."

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"A consequential man came to me to-day and asked me whether I was myself. 'I am,' said I fearlessly. Then he handed me an envelope. I opened it. I was drawn on a jury."

"Father," said I, "did not look upon it as an honor when he was drawn on a jury. If it had not been for his high sense of honor, he would have got himself excused. As it was, he found himself thrown with very objectionable men, until he was allowed to sit by himself in the room of an obliging clerk, and make some serious use of his time in reading."

"I suppose there are a great many publicans and sinners on a jury, and that it's a bad place for the high priests and elders," replied my uncle. "For such as me it's a great honor. It seems to me like sitting on the Supreme Bench at Washington—only there the Judges can take their time in deciding, because the cases before them are not so urgent, and, if they don't all agree, they report without agreeing. We shall be locked up till we do. But the whole matter is with me academic. My acute nervous headaches will not allow me to serve."

"I did not know that you had headaches, Uncle Charley."

"Very cruel headaches," he replied. "They troubled me so much in college that I had to be excused from much of my work. Since then, they have led me to decline many evening entertainments."

I hardly knew whether to be warmly sympathetic or a little skeptical about those headaches. My uncle was, as ever, mystifying when he returned from his first day at court.

"I reached the court this morning," he then said, "to find that the gentleman who had handed me my notice was no less a person than the Chief Justice. He stood at the door of the court-room, all dressed up in brass buttons and with an air of command. 'Do you want to make any excuses?' said he. When I gave a decided affirmative, he said: 'Turn to the left.' I went in and sat down where I could and got back my breath. There were two platforms in front of me. On the top one sat a very feeble old man in specs, looking

through his papers as if he were in his private office. On the lower platform was a very bright man, with his head stuck up like a bantam's. Neither of these gentlemen wore buttons like the Chief Justice. 'All jurors,' shouted the bantam with an air of complete command of the situation, 'sitting on the left, having no excuses to offer, will rise and be sworn.' I wish he'd asked us to rise and swear. By George, we looked as if we could do it. I was thinking about that when suddenly he called to me: 'Why don't you get up, sir?' 'I was pondering,' said I. Every one laughed at me. 'Why don't you get up?' he asked, with his chest still 'way out, of another leading citizen. 'You didn't get my middle name right.' 'What?' 'My middle name's James T.' 'James T. what?' 'James T. Harkins.' Then the Chief Justice in brass buttons raised his hand and we marched behind him into a big room and stood like cattle in a pen. Just as we were disappearing, Old Spectacles on the top platform said: 'We'll now hear those who wish to offer excuses.' Then I found I had lost the chance to lie about my headaches."

I recall now, with a shudder at my stupendous priggishness, that I drew a very long face at this story and said in a reproving tone: "I am sure father would be pained if he thought his brother could lie about anything."

Uncle Charley stared at me a moment over his paper, then subsided behind it, and I thought I heard him mutter: "Damn that girl's father."

"Did you speak to me, Uncle Charley?" I asked severely.

"No, I believe not. I was reading and—possibly—thinking aloud."

"I was afraid I heard you say something disrespectful of one whom I revere."

I was disappointed at receiving no reply. I still looked upon my uncle as a sort of superannuated naughty boy. It had not crossed my mind that men

could not only love but honor him and give heed to his judgment. I gazed at him for a time severely, awaiting a reply, and then, will you believe it? I found myself studying his legs. They stretched as far as possible from beneath his paper and were crossed at the ankles. They were poor legs, old, stiff, and rheumatic, but now, as I watched them, they seemed to me to typify singular repose, self-reliance, self-control. I suppose I had been wondering about my uncle for some time, and that at this moment a mere spark had suddenly lighted material which had long been collecting. Was he simply the frivolous man I had been brought up to believe?

The reaction of feeling after my outburst of temper lasted me through the next day, and I found myself very anxious for my uncle's return in the evening, that I might relieve my contrition by some little mark of affection. But the usual time for his return arrived in vain. Dinner was announced—I had to eat it alone. In the evening a caller came, and finding my uncle out, asked for me. While I was ex-



"I have been called upon to perform an important public service"

pecting uneasily some friend of the fashionable world, there entered a professor of biology, a very plain man in a rusty frock coat and small black tie. He told me that he and my uncle had for years carried on the investigations of his department together. "I have been paid for my share—to support myself," said he. "But your uncle both worked and paid."

"I am at a loss to know where he is now," said I. "Doing the work of a Christian gentleman, I'm sure," said the professor, adding, when I explained that he was serving on a jury: "I'll guarantee he's working for justice whether the issue is large or small. Nowhere is the goodness of human nature shown better than in the devotion with which a man, drawn on a jury against his will and hating the whole thing, will work for a righteous verdict between two strangers. Your Uncle Charley is the bravest, sweetest, kindest, wisest old fellow in the world. When I heard that a bright young niece had come to make him happy, I couldn't bear not to pay my respects."

When this unexpected guest was gone, I again sat drearily waiting my uncle's return. But neither he came nor any word from him. Bedtime arriving, I left a light burning downstairs and retired. During the night I rose often to find that steady light still burning vainly. In the morning I breakfasted alone. Then, at the risk of rebellion against petticoat government, I hired a carriage and drove to my uncle's club. Possibly he had spent the night there without notifying me.

The club never looked more grim and forbidding than when I approached it that anxious morning, and probably no one ever trembled so much in drawing near the door as I did then. As soon as I arrived, a considerate club servant hurried to the carriage and explained that my uncle had not been seen there.

"Indeed, he has not been seen here for many a long day," he sighed, "and it's not the same place without him."

I drove to his office. As there was the same lack of information there, I sadly and anxiously returned home.

Suddenly, in the middle of the forenoon, as I was gazing dejectedly out of the window, I saw him puffing briskly up the street. I rushed to the door.

"My uncle, my dear, dear uncle, where have you been?" I cried. "I can't exactly say as to that," he replied limply and gasping for breath.

"Where did you spend the night?" I asked.

He paused a moment blankly, then repeated: "I can't exactly say as to that."

I was amazed. I was sure that he had not been drinking, but he seemed woefully lacking in intelligence.

As his breath came back, he spoke of his own accord, but what he said still further concerned me.

"They speak a terrible bad English—them Cunnucks do," he began. "Murphy is the whitest politician in 19; there's always plenty of money to spend when he's running for office. They don't allow no smoking in the court-room, so we had to chew instead, as that's the politest form of using tobacco. There was nine of us active and three of us extinct volcanoes. Solid ground may be divided into two kinds—continents and islands. Each of the three was lucky if he had a mighty small island to himself."

"What are you talking about, Uncle Charley?" He uttered again limply those dreary words: "I can't exactly say as to that. I don't keep no account of the average number of funerals which go by my house daily. No, I can't remember that my sister had a child what died, but my memory is like a spring morning in remembering which of my aunt's feet was on the lowest step of the car when it started and threw her prone to the ground, which caused trauma, because she fell on a jar of jelly. No, I didn't do no counting while she was being thrown from the train."

"What sister? What aunt, Uncle Charley?"

"I can't exactly say," he began, then checked himself. "Let the scene now shift," said he in his natural voice, "from the witnesses in the court-room to the jury locked up for a decision. A cantankerous cuss kept us up all night."

"One man against eleven? How abominable!" I exclaimed.

"He was not called a man very long," responded my uncle. "He was a mean devil. He wouldn't give a poor woman who was hurt anything, and he was one of those who knew which was plaintiff and which defendant."

"I move we don't settle this case till after dinner," began a public-spirited jurymen. "I move we be generous in a case like this," put in another. But that close-fisted devil held out against the rest all night."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, we all sat hour after hour with our twenty-four feet on a table in the middle, swapping murder stories. Until six in the evening no one wanted to go, for we all wanted that seventy-five cent dinner at the expense of the State. Between ten and eleven the suburban chaps walked up and down, like lions in a cage, and argued about their last trains. The crank kept his legs on the table without moving them."

"What did he say for himself?"

"Something about a chump named Horatius, who put up an argument that he could run as fast as three

lobsters named Curiatius, and he guessed he could keep his two legs on the table as long as the others could keep their twenty-two there. Then we settled down to the murder stories. The suburbanites said after eleven they were going to get the State to pay for their breakfast. We forgot all about the case except once, when some one said: 'The doctor in the case was a bloke,' and one other time when a very nervous man got up and shook his fist in the mean man's face and shouted: 'You can not treat us this way with impunity.' The mean man said: 'I didn't seek this job. It ain't my fault I'm here.'"

"How did you finally get out?"

"At ten o'clock the Judge came back to his work, all spick and span; the Chief Justice in brass buttons who had been up in the entry outside all night and once in a while had put his head in to say: 'Any luck?' led us into the glare of the court-room; the Judge threw cold water on the mean fellow. We went back. 'Gentlemen,' said the mean man, standing on those legs of his, 'I believe in either no verdict or a big one. I move the lady who had the trauma get \$1,700.' It was carried with a 'hurrah,' and we so reported. Then we were excused, and the counsel for the railroad clapped the mean man on the back and said we'd done well, that he had offered to give the lady \$3,300."

"Do you know who the mean man was, Uncle Charley?"

"I know he's very tired now," said my uncle, "and is going upstairs for a bath and a nap."

For the first time I appreciated that day that my



Instead of answering promptly, Mr. Edwards walked to the hearth, so that he faced my uncle

uncle was physically a feeble man. His voice was usually so hearty, he was so stout and full of good humor, that I had not guessed that the spark of life might be burning in him fitfully. If ever a man was justified in excusing himself from the strain of jury service, that man was Uncle Charley. It was cruel to expect him to sit up and wrangle all night.

"You'll get excused now, Uncle, won't you?" I pleaded.

"I'd do it in a minute if I could only get a good honest headache," he replied gaily.

His next case he described as a contest between a good man and a wicked man, about a contract involving some photographic slides so constructed that the same person could be represented as on his head and his feet at the same time—a useful device of great potential value in insane asylums. Both contracting parties were crazy and neither knew that any contract was made. Now, what was the contract? We twelve jurors must decide that."

After the third day of listening to this case, Uncle Charley again did not come home in the evening.

On this occasion I was not frightened as I had been before. Again I left the light burning downstairs when I went to bed. Again it burned vainly all night. Again in the forenoon I saw my uncle panting toward the house.

"I was one of the eleven this time," he gasped as he entered the house. "We had another solitary fool keeping us up all night. And he pulled enough of us finally to his side to bring about a disagreement. At five this morning our spokesman cried with his fist very near the single man's eye: 'The question reads: "Was it mutually agreed?" Now, does not "mutual" mean the same thing as "verbal"?' Two or three eminent jurists turned traitor at this, till we stood six and six."

"What kind of a man stood out alone this time?" "A kind of spring poet, Elizabeth, with curly hair and blue eyes and skin like a peach. Oh, the wondrous spring! I told him I'd been in his box myself and I asked him to come and dine here some night. Of course, your regular callers are a fair job lot—"

"Do you think you really know him, Uncle Charley?" I asked.

"I don't feel as if I'd ever known any one else half as well. His name's Edwards."

When Mr. Edwards at last came he proved to be a tall broad-shouldered man with a soft voice. After dinner my uncle suddenly left the house. Father had always stayed in the room with me when I had had evening callers, and hitherto Uncle Charley had sat in an adjoining study, and I had become better than ever acquainted with his legs as they stretched, crossed at the ankles, from behind the table. But just before Mr. Edwards came my uncle had said: "I believe that old folks should always keep out of the way of young folks." He then disappeared altogether.

It turned out that Mr. Edwards played the piano and sang extremely well. When I induced him this evening to sing, he preferred to have me play his accompaniments. We enjoyed the evening very much.

After one of the songs he asked me a little about my uncle. Was he in good health? Was I his only niece? Was he particularly fond of me? Was he rich?

I was a little surprised at this last question, for it seemed impertinent. "I don't know," I replied stiffly.

"I guess he's not very fond of 'gush,'" said he. "He's not an easy person to understand," said I.

We were soon talking of religious subjects. I found that Mr. Edwards believed as I did about many deep problems. I told him (I remember this sometimes in the night when I try to forget it) that his attitude toward all things eternal was to me an inspiration. I said this as if my opinion counted, for I still thought that it did. But stern experience, if it destroys illusions, creates a new eternity, not of dreamland, but of reality.

Mr. Edwards came to see me more than once. I

asked him about his people, but on this subject I felt immediately that he was surprisingly vague. His deep interests seemed to be in art, music, literature, and in religion. His manners were excellent, though perhaps he was a little too obviously agreeable. He was earnest and hard-working, and he made fun of nothing.

During several of these visits my uncle persisted in absenting himself. Then one evening, unexpectedly, as Mr. Edwards was calling, Uncle Charley entered the room in which we had been singing, and sat down with us.

"What is your father's business?" he asked abruptly of our visitor.

If Mr. Edwards had seemed impertinent in asking about my uncle, the latter had made himself even more a transgressor. Yet I looked up at Mr. Edwards with much interest, because I had myself felt baffled in attempting to know more about those who must have been most dear to him.

Instead of answering promptly, Mr. Edwards walked to the hearth, so that he faced my uncle.

"My father is a manufacturer," said he.

"There are many kinds of manufacturers," said Uncle Charley. "Does your father, for example, make cotton goods or woolen or iron?"

"Largely iron, I believe," was the steady reply.

"You and I," said Uncle Charley, "have each of us had the

pleasure of sitting up all night in behalf of justice to a defendant. Few defendants stir our active sympathies. Is it not so?"

"Their suffering is apt to be less obvious than the plaintiff's," said Mr. Edwards.

"I admired you, sir, for your stand. The love of justice is, in my poor judgment, above the love for any individual. I'm a wicked old sinner myself and it did my heart good to see a pure-hearted youth like you serenely superior to all personal considerations. I was surely justified in finding this pleasure."

"I am grateful, sir, for your good opinion," said Mr. Edwards.

Thereupon my uncle sat back in his chair with his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, staring at his guest; and Mr. Edwards stood rigidly on the hearth, gazing back at Uncle Charley. The one seemed waiting for the other to say something more, but in vain, and then my uncle left the room.

That evening, after Mr. Edwards was gone, I sat on a stool at my uncle's feet.

"Mr. Edwards is very nice, I'm sure," said I.

"Every one is," replied my uncle. "That is, practically everybody. Now then some wicked person imagines wickedness somewhere."

"I thought, Uncle Charley, that you seemed a little unkindly disposed toward Mr. Edwards this evening."

"The truth is, I'm a bit wicked myself, Elizabeth, and I am a very foolish old gentleman. I flatter myself too easily. I have had a conceit that I am a good judge of men. I am really nothing of the kind."

"You no longer like Mr. Edwards?"

"I don't suppose it makes any difference whether I do or don't. He is almost a stranger, is he not?"

"I suppose he is," I acquiesced.

"A curly-haired stranger, a soft-skinned, blue-eyed stranger. Did you ever know such a youth to be otherwise than innocent? The hair and the skin and the eyes seem to grow from the inherent goodness beneath and behind them. Yet I got no very clear idea to-night of the business of our friend's father."

"Why should you, Uncle Charley? It seemed to me quite rude that you should ask such leading questions."

"I gave him a chance to tell me, Elizabeth, and he chose not to. Dickens has a character—an old man whose extraordinary benevolence was all in his hair."

When they tore off his wig, he was a grasping old skinflint."

"Do you know anything about Mr. Edwards that I don't know, Uncle Charley?"

"One knows few things of an unpleasant nature about any of one's fellow-beings. It's the guessing that it's hard to do right. A very small number of people, my dear, are in some way morally punky. I don't know whether your friend Mr. Edwards is or not. I wish, however, that I had not been such an enthusiastic idiot as to invite him to this house. Has he the laugh of a true man or of one who is instinctively insincere? Come, it's long after bed-time."

Until that moment, it had not occurred to me that I was much interested in this Mr. Edwards. As soon as I was alone, I asked myself not only whether I knew him well but whether I knew my uncle well. My father had always disapproved this uncle; the professor of biology had admired him; I had grown to like him, but not, I was sure, to understand him. Where was I to turn for some one to trust? The world had grown suddenly dark.

Mr. Edwards, undaunted by my uncle's changed manner toward him, came to see me as before. It was, in my judgment, evidence of the courage which goes with innocence that he should not have been afraid of us.

Whenever he came, my uncle, contrary to his earlier habit, sat in his study. I soon found myself listening with almost morbid intensity for anything unpleasant in my friend's laughter. Surely, thought I to myself, Uncle Charley can not find anything to dislike in such hearty ripples of merriment.

"You like Mr. Edwards just a little better, don't you?" said I coaxingly and with confidence one evening to my uncle.

He surprised me by answering in hot temper: "He gets very much on my nerves," then controlled himself.

"Do you understand him, Uncle Charley? I feel sure that there are depths in his character which you have not sounded."

"I'm afraid there are," grunted my uncle. "Young people think they see rare beauties in each other. But the collateral relatives, without any imaginations, are always right."

"He cares for fine things," I exclaimed, "poetry, music, everything beautiful."

"On the contrary," replied Uncle Charley, "he never mentions what he cares for. He cares for his father and, I suspect, for our good opinion. But he never mentions either."

"You are prejudiced and unjust, my dear uncle."

"I hope so," said he.

"Tell me, Uncle Charley—I am young and ignorant and want to learn—what have you against this man?"

"Only this," answered my uncle, "the fellow is false down to the very tips of his fingers. If I could teach you, Elizabeth, I would. But it is not your fault that I can not. No one ever teaches. People have to pick up what they learn as best they can. I can't show you that black is black and not white."

After this talk, I lay awake all night. My heart was, I fear, filled with bitterness. It seemed to me that my uncle had brought on trouble which otherwise would not have existed. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said I to myself, "for they keep trouble from growing on itself." In the night I decided that I should find out, if possible, what Mr. Edwards thought of my uncle.

So, when next I met him, I said quietly, but with my heart fluttering: "Do you like my uncle?"

My friend hesitated a moment before answering, as when he stepped to the hearth before replying to Uncle Charley.

"Why do you ask?" said he, after a brief interval.

"You have never once spoken of him," said I.

"I do not care for his hints or innuendoes," said Mr. Edwards slowly. "Your uncle thinks I was dishonest in the jury room—I dare say he has told you what he thinks he has reason to suspect. If he would come out openly and call me a villain, I should know how to face him. But to hurt me stealthily behind my back is base of him."

I shuddered as I heard these words. My friend had indeed been a stranger to me, a man of intense selfish passion having remained hidden behind a soft exterior.

"Sorrow and joy," said I, "have depths we are slow to perceive. There are vast caverns of each long concealed from us. What makes you say this of my uncle?"

"My father manufactures photographer's materials. The defendant in that silly case owed him, and your uncle thinks could not have paid him if he had lost. Hence, your uncle thinks that I was a dishonest juror. Dishonest!" he cried with scorn. "The old man has a treasure in his house and is jealous of the young one! He has always yielded to his temptations, and is too old and infirm now to deny himself anything on which he has set his heart."

"He has never told me any such suspicion," said I. "You are at least unjust in thinking that he has."

"I might have known it," he cried. "Your thoughtful uncle is never open."

Mr. Edwards and I were in the street during this talk. When I reached home, I found my uncle reading. I asked him immediately if he suspected Mr. Edwards of not being honest on the jury.

"You never find daisies in snowdrifts," said he.

"But, when you find one daisy, you are pretty sure to find a multitude if you look far enough. I'm afraid your friend is constitutionally dishonest. But you, Elizabeth, seem not to have found it out. Only a concrete incident will apparently make you tremble."

"I'll not believe Peter Edwards dishonest," I cried indignantly. "I shall no longer listen to your slurs, Uncle Charley."

Of one thing I had been sure—I was not in love with this Peter Edwards. I had assured myself many times of this simple truth. But I was almost desperate that justice should be done to him. Even if a tragedy yawned before me through a fatally false step in trusting him, I felt myself prepared to face it. It seemed to me that there were times when one must trust.

"You will let him come to the house still?" said I.

"You must decide," he replied.

"He will come as before," said I.

At last the period of my mourning was passed and I was going to a ball. I said archly to Mr. Edwards, who was also to be there:

"I shall have few partners, I fear. Will you be good to me?"

"Wait and see," he had replied quietly and confidently.

When on the evening of the ball I saw myself in the glass, dressed for it, I was almost in love with my own



There was never such lovingkindness in all the world

loveliness or what I fancied to be such. In my hair I had a little wreath of lilies of the valley, and after my long mourning, I was dazzled by my white dress. As I surveyed myself, I foresaw that a great crisis in my life was at hand, and that I was about to give an answer in a sort of fairy-land. From my uncle's counsels, I had cut myself fearlessly adrift. Since his last outburst of apparently cruel injustice, he had sunk far into the background of my thoughts.

But, as I stole a last glance at my reflection, a miracle seemed to take place. Suddenly the whole fairy structure crumbled and I was thinking, not of myself or of Peter Edwards or the ball, but of an old man downstairs sitting by a droplight. The commonplace mental picture took unexpected hold of me. Uncle Charley downstairs alone, reading, old, sick, without any romance, patient, with eternity reaching bleakly ahead of him, became for the first time in my life a creature for me to think of for himself. I was frightened with a searching dread that I was in some way late, that the figure by the droplight with his legs stretched far in front of him and crossed at the ankles might never hear words which I wanted him to hear, or understand them. I hurried downstairs and there he sat, as my imagination had conceived him, but without any sign of the tragic spirit with which I had encompassed him. I kissed him on the forehead—I had never kissed him before—and knelt down by him.

"There are sure to be plenty of partners for you, tonight," said he, stroking my hand.

"Uncle Charley," I whispered. "To-night, upstairs, I felt all the little things I ever thought disappearing and in a vast world you sat alone as you do now."

"Your vision will, I imagine, soon be true," said he cheerfully. "But young girls are too apt to have morbid fancies."

"I have been blind and selfish, dear uncle. You know so much that I do not. And I have so much to

learn. But just one word, dear uncle, one little word about Peter Edwards. Even you do not conceive that he intends to do wicked things?"

"He is not an Iago—few people are. We can mostly justify ourselves in anything. I believe he is honest in thinking himself honest and his way is paved with good intentions. But if I thought it would do any good I'd forbid you to see him. Alas! What you learn, my dear, you must learn yourself."

That night I told Mr. Edwards—I had not foreseen that I should do just this—that we both must be very patient, that I was bewildered, that I must let time make many things clear to me. He clenched his fist and was sure my uncle had said something further to turn me from him. He maintained that every charge against him was untrue, because it was preposterous.

"We must wait," said I.

Only faith can make us meekly grateful when everything precious is torn from us and only a new spiritual mastery remains in its place. Peter wrote me many letters, telling me that he saw visions of me everywhere, always in the white dress with the wreath in my hair. Even a white staircase, with evergreen twined among the banisters, had startled him by bringing me so clearly before him. I schooled myself not to answer these letters, waiting as I had told him that we must.

During these months, Uncle Charley was very gentle. He did not ask why Peter came no more and I did not tell him. Once I said to him: "Peter is not a rough man. He would never do anything brutal."

My uncle answered: "I am sometimes afraid you are simply unselfish, Elizabeth. Don't put yourself out at all about me. There is a story of a missionary who was with his wife in a wild land, when a poor girl turned up, whom they didn't know what to do with. 'Fortunately,' said he, 'my wife died just then and I married her.' It's all right about me—I'll die soon. But as yet I can not think more favorably of your friend."

As I faced the task of further waiting, I felt how long and cheerfully he had himself waited, expecting nothing. He had been very stern with me, yet he now made clear to me what wonderful tenderness suffering could produce. As I watched him day after day, with ever heavy pain in my heart, he seemed to me the embodiment of faith, hope, and charity. I often watched his bulky figure in the street, wondering whither he was bound and of what he was thinking. I knew that the little people who whisked by him in the streets were simply seeking to make or to spend money. But I had found that his errands, though he said nothing of them, were more important. And I knew that many an old friend begrudged the large share of his life which he had given to me. Never did humble pupil follow his master with more desire to learn than I followed this gay, sociable, physically infirm uncle, hoping keenly that a happy day might come when he would say softly: "I have been unjust and unwise."

Suddenly the steady procession of day after day, like the smooth current of a river above a cataract, was broken by an event of which I can still hardly write. I can again see my uncle reading his paper in his chair, but without crunching it or moving it as was his wont. He was motionless so long that at last I spoke to him. He did not answer. I rose from my chair without his seeming to heed me and stepped behind him. There was one word much larger than any other on the page—the word "embezzlement." He put out his hand and took mine. I am sure that there was never such lovingkindness in all the world as he showed me forever after that.

I had learned, among many other lessons, that one day in the year appealed to him most, the day the nation has set aside for decorating the graves of those who died in the great war. "My friends" he always called these buried soldiers. Others must have known this hardly spoken sentiment of his, for, when the day came that year, a lunch at his club was to be given in his honor.

"You see, he has not been there at all since you came to live with him," explained a friend of his apologetically. "Before that he was the leading spirit among us."

I felt a deep desire to be near him on this day and so decided to walk by the club during the celebration. As I approached the once forbidding door, I saw ahead of me on the long street my uncle, trying still to walk briskly but with his legs tending sadly toward a shuffle. More than ever I felt how weak he had been growing. His friends, seeing him approach, ran out to greet him. I saw him wave his stick to them happily, then climb the first half of the steps with a good deal of vigor. Half-way up he stopped, as if to catch the breath which came to him so scantily. I saw the others gather about him and bear him tenderly (at first I thought triumphantly) through the door into the mysterious region beyond, whence he had come into my life. The empty door was even more ominous than ever as I passed it, and suddenly I prayed.

In the afternoon I was at home gazing at his empty seat by the droplight, when the professor of biology was announced.

"Yes," said he softly, "it is over. He said nothing—he never liked to talk about what he cared for most. But he fought always the good fight and has finished his course."

UP FOR TRIAL



HEADPIECE BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANVILLE SMITH

By ARTHUR TRAIN

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON CERTAIN ASPECTS OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE

II—THE WITNESS

THE probative value of all honestly given testimony depends, naturally, first upon the witness's original capacity to observe; second, upon the extent to which his memory may have played him false; and third, upon how far he really means exactly what he says. This is just as true of testimony in cases of so-called circumstantial evidence as in cases where the evidence is direct, for the circumstances themselves must be testified to by witnesses who have observed them, and the authoritativeness of everything these witnesses have to say must lie in their ability to see, remember, and describe accurately what they have seen.

The subject of perjury is so distinct and far-reaching that it deserves separate consideration; yet a careful scrutiny of even the honestly given testimony in criminal cases gives rise to the belief that the amount of strictly accurate evidence adduced is relatively small, so small as probably to stagger the credulity of the layman and to give the lawyer ground for reflection. It must be borne in mind, however, that this refers to criminal trials only and to testimony of a character closely relevant to the issue.

The first consideration is how far the witness was originally capable of receiving correct impressions through his senses. Naturally this depends almost entirely upon his physical equipment and the keenness and accuracy of his general observation, both of which are usually evidenced to a considerable degree by his appearance and conduct upon the stand.

Youth and Old Age in the Witness Box

Children are proverbially observant, and make remarkable witnesses, habitually noticing details which inevitably escape the attention of their elders; while various classes of persons by reason of their professional requirements are, of course, better qualified than others to observe certain facts or conditions, as a gem merchant the shape and cutting of a diamond, or a doctor the physical condition of a patient.

Witnesses are often honestly mistaken, however, as to their own ability to observe facts, and will unhesitatingly testify that they could hear sounds and discern objects at extraordinary distances. Lawyers frequently attempt to induce aged or infirm witnesses to testify that they could hear plainly what was said by the defendant, in an ordinary tone, at a distance, say, of forty feet. The lawyer speaks in loud and distinct tones during the preliminary examination, and then gradually drops his voice to that usually employed in speaking, in the hope that the witness will ask him to repeat the question. This ruse usually fails by reason of the fact that the lawyer, in his anxiety to show that the witness could not possibly hear the distance claimed, lowers his voice to such an extent that the test is obviously unfair.

In like manner counsel often call upon such witnesses to state the time by the clock hanging upon the rear wall of the court-room.

A distinguished but conceited advocate, not long ago, after securing an unqualified statement from an octogenarian, who was bravely enduring cross-examination,

that he "saw the whole thing as if it had occurred ten feet away," suddenly challenged him to tell the time by the clock referred to. The lawyer did not look around himself, as he had done so about half an hour before, when he had noticed that it was half after eleven. The old man looked at the clock and replied after a pause, "Half-past eleven," upon which, the lawyer, knowing that it must be nearly twelve, turned to the jury and burst into a derisive laugh, exclaiming sarcastically, "That is *all*," and throwing himself back in his seat with an air of having finally annihilated the entire value of the witness's testimony. The distinguished practitioner, however, found himself laughing alone. Presently one of the jury chuckled, and in a trice the whole court-room was in a roar at the lawyer's expense. The clock had stopped—at half-past eleven.

The professional actor upon the stage presents the illusion of nature by exaggerating those details which ordinarily would escape the attention of the observer.

In daily life we are quite as likely as not to be deceived by what we have seen, and this fact is so familiar to jurors that they are apt to distrust witnesses who

profess to have seen much of complicated or rapidly conducted transactions. They want the main facts stated

even of interest that the breakfast is properly cooked and served, that we are whisked downtown (a little matter say of five miles) in ten or twelve minutes, that we are shot up to our offices through twenty floors in an electric elevator, that there is a blizzard or a deluge, or that part of Broadway has been blown up or a fifteen-story building fallen down. We pass days without paying the remotest attention to the weather, and forget that we have relations. Instead of walking home to supper, pausing to talk to our friends by the way, we drop into the subway, bury ourselves in newspapers, and are vomited forth almost without our knowing it at our front-door steps. The multiplicity of detail deprives us of either the desire or the capacity to observe, and we cultivate a habit of not observing lest our eyes and brains be overwhelmed with fatigue. Observation has ceased to be necessary and has taken its place among the lost arts.

Fact and Imagination

Compare the days when an old Greek could go to hear the "Edipus," and on returning home could recount practically the whole of it from beginning to end for the benefit of the wife who was not allowed to go herself. Or even the comparatively recent period when the funeral oration over Alexander Hamilton could be reported in the "Evening Post" from memory.

Much the more difficult problem, however, is to determine how far the witness is the victim of his memory and is unconsciously confusing fact with imagination, or knowledge with belief. It is a matter of common experience that almost all cases are stronger in court than they give the impression of being when the witnesses are first examined in the private office. Time and again, cases which in the beginning have seemed hopeless to prosecute have resulted in verdicts of conviction, and defenses originally so fragile as to appear but gossamer have returned many a defendant to his despairing family.

The reason is not far to seek. Witnesses to the events leading up to a crime are acquainted with a thousand details which are as vivid, and probably more vivid, to them than the occurrence in regard to which their testimony is actually desired. It may well be that the immaterial facts are the only ones which have interested them at all, while their knowledge of the criminal act is relatively slight. For example, they *know*, of course, that they were in the saloon; are *positive* that the complainant and defendant were playing cards, even remembering some of the hands dealt; are sure that the complainant arose and walked away; have a *very vivid recollection* that in a few moments the defendant got up and followed him across the room; are *pretty clear*, although their attention was still upon the game, that the two men had an argument; and have a *strong impression* that

the defendant hit the complainant. In point of fact, their evidence is really of far less value, if of any at all, in regard to the *actual striking* than in regard to the events leading up to it, for at the time of the blow their attention was being given less to the participants in the quarrel than to something else. Their ideas are in truth very hazy as to the latter part of the transaction. However, they become witnesses,



The lawyer burst into a derisive laugh, throwing himself back in his seat with an air of having finally annihilated the entire value of the witness's testimony

convincingly. The rest can take care of themselves. The extraordinary extent to which the complex development of modern life has dwarfed our powers of observation is noticeable nowhere more markedly than in the court-room. Things run so smoothly, transportation facilities are so perfect, specialization is carried to so high a degree, and our whole existence goes on so much indoors, that it ceases to be a matter of note or

pronouncing themselves ready to swear that they saw the blow struck, which is perhaps the fact. Their evidence is practically of no value on the question of justification or self-defense. But finding on being



The real criminal arose among the audience

examined that their testimony is wanted principally on that aspect of the case, they naturally tell their entire story as if they were as clear in their own minds upon one part of it as another. Being able to give details as to the earlier aspect of the quarrel, they feel obliged to be equally definite as to all of it. If they have an idea that the striking was without excuse, they gradually imagine details to fit their point of view. This is done quite unconsciously. Before long they are as glib with their description of the assault as they are about the game of cards. They get hazy on what occurred before, and overwhelmingly positive as to what occurred toward and at the last, and on the witness-stand swear convincingly that they saw the defendant strike the complainant, exactly how he did it, the words he said, and that the complainant made no offer of any sort to strike the defendant. From allowing their minds to dwell on their own conception of what must have occurred, they are soon convinced that it *did* occur in that way, and their account flows forth with a circumstantiality that carries with it an irresistible impression of veracity.

The witness remembers in a large proportion of cases what he *wants* to remember, or believes occurred. The liar with his prepared lie is far less dangerous than the honest, but mistaken, witness, or the witness who draws inadvertently upon his imagination. Most juries instinctively know a liar when they see and hear one, but few of them can determine in the case of an honestly intentioned witness how much of his evidence should be discarded as unreliable, and how much accepted as true.

The greatest difficulty in the trial of jury cases so far as the evidence is concerned lies in the fallibility of the human mind, and not in the inventive genius of the devil. An old man who combines a venerable appearance with a failing memory is the witness most to be feared by either side.

In a recent case a patriarch of some seventy-five years positively, convincingly, and ultra-dramatically identified the defendant as a man who had knocked him down and robbed him of a ring. The identification was so perfect that on the evidence of this aged witness alone the jury convicted the defendant after but a few moments' deliberation. He was sentenced to ten years in State's Prison, although he denied vehemently that he had ever even *seen* the complainant. As he was being led from the bar, the real criminal arose among the audience and gave himself up, stating that he could not sit by and see an innocent man receive *so great* a punishment. The inference was, that had the sentence been lighter his conscience would not have pricked him sufficiently to sanction his act of self-sacrifice.

Habit and Actual Fact are Confused

In cross-examination lies the only corrective of this sort of specious testimony, but in most cases it would be manifestly inadequate to prevent injustice in such an instance as that just described. Juries must and do take the evidence of most well-intentioned witnesses with a grain of salt. Both men and women habitually testify to facts as actually occurring on a specific occasion because the fact occurred on most occasions:

Q. "Did your husband lock the door?"

A. "Of course he did."

Q. "How do you know?"

A. "He *always* locks the door."

Witness after witness will take the stand and testify positively that certain events took place, or certain acts were done, when in point of fact all they can really swear to is that they usually took place or usually were done:

Q. "Did he put on his hat?"

A. "Certainly he did."

Q. "Did you see him?"

A. "No, but he *must* have put on his hat if he went out."

And the probability is that the whole question to be determined was whether or not "*he*" did go out or stay in.

The layman chancing to listen to a criminal trial

finds himself gasping with astonishment at the deluge of minute facts which pour from the witnesses' mouths in regard to the happenings of some particular day a year or so before. He knows that it is humanly impossible to actually *remember* any such facts, even had they occurred the day before yesterday. He may ask himself what he did that very morning and be unable to give any satisfactory reply. And yet the jury believe it, and because the witness swears to it it goes upon the record as evidence of actual knowledge. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the counsel's only recourse is to argue to the jury that such a memory is impossible. But in the

same proportion of cases the jury will take the oath of the witness against the lawyer's reasoning and their own common-sense. This is because of the fictitious value given to what is known as the "oath." "He swears to it," says the jurymen, rubbing his forehead. "Well, he *must* remember it or he wouldn't swear to it!" And the witness probably thinks he *does* remember it.

Yet who of us could state with certainty the guests at a particular dinner six months ago? Or the transactions of a morning only a week ago, with any accuracy as to time? What the witness frequently does is to discuss the matter with his friends who were present on the occasion in question, and, as it were, form a sort of "pool" of their common recollections, impressions, and beliefs. One suggestion corrects or modifies another until a comparatively lucid and logical story is evoked. When this has been accomplished the witness mentally exclaims: "Of course! That was just the way it was! Now I remember it all!" The time is so distant that whatever the final crystallization of the matter may be, it is far from likely that it will thereafter be shown to be inaccurate by any piece of evidence which will present itself to the witness and his friends. The account thus developed by mutual questions and "refreshing" of each other's recollection becomes, so far as the parties to it are concerned, *the fact*. The witness is now positive that he did and said exactly so and so, and nothing will swerve him from it, for inherently there is nothing in the story or its make-up that affords any reason for questioning its accuracy. This story repeated from time to time becomes one of the most vivid things in the witness's mental experience. He repeats it over and over, is cross-examined by his own attorney upon it, incorporates it in an affidavit to which he swears, and when he takes the stand recounts these distant happenings with an aggressiveness and enthusiasm that bring dismay to the other side.

The Incident of Robinson and Jones

But what a farce to call this recollection! What is this circumstantial romance when it comes to be analyzed? Jones, a friend of Smith, the prospective witness, is anxious to establish an alibi and asks Smith if he doesn't remember meeting him in the club on February 12 two years before. Smith has no recollection of it at all, but the friend says: "Oh, yes, you were going to the theatre with Robinson." Of course, if Jones is so sure, Smith naturally begins to think it is probably the fact, and he does remember vaguely that he and Robinson spent an evening together. So he consults his diary and finds it recorded there that he

have arrived on time. Well, the paper says the play commenced at eight, and it takes a cab about twenty minutes to get from the club to Daly's Theatre, so it is reasonably clear that they must have started a little before eight. Smith unconsciously is persuaded to believe that if Jones was right about their going to the theatre, he *must* have been there at the time he says he was, in the club. Both he and Robinson recall that Jones was always hanging round the club two years ago, and as neither can remember an evening when he wasn't there, they decide he *must* have been there that night. Robinson has a dim recollection that they had a drink together. That is a pretty safe guess and has all the air of verisimilitude. In an hour or two Smith is ready to swear positively from *recollection* that he dined at the club on February 12 two years ago, with Robinson, met Jones, had a drink with him, that this occurred at seven fifty-five, that it was raining, that they took a cab, etc., etc. In its elements this testimony is entirely hearsay upon the only vital point, *i. e.*, Jones's presence in the club at that time, and the immaterial remainder is made up of equal parts of diary, newspaper, play-bill, weather report, usual custom, reliance on Robinson's alleged recollection, and belief in Jones's innocence. He has practically no actual memory of the facts at all, and the only thing he really does remember is that a long time ago he did attend some theatre with Robinson.

Refreshing the Memory

The common doctrine of what is known as "refreshing the memory" in actual practice is notoriously absurd. Witnesses who have made memoranda as to certain facts, or even, in certain cases, of conversations, and who have no independent recollection thereof, are permitted to read them for the purpose of "refreshing" their memories. Having done so they are then asked if they *now* have, *independently of the paper*, any recollection of them. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it would be absolutely impossible for them really to *remember* anything of the sort. They read the entry, know it probably accurate, and are morally convinced that the fact is as thereon stated. They answer *yes*, that their recollection *has* been refreshed and that they now do remember, and are allowed to testify to the fact as of their own knowledge. In most instances they do not clearly understand the distinction they are called upon to draw between actual independent recollection and a strong belief on their own part that the fact *must* be as recorded, and it is the exceptional witness indeed who makes any such distinction. Obviously, how much better the record itself (inadmissible because hearsay), made at the time and in the course of professional duty, would be as evidence!

There are many cases where a defendant has been put in jeopardy because some one remembering that he *intended* to do an act becomes convinced that he has done so, to the extent of being willing to swear thereto. No better illustration of this kind of error could be given than the mislaying of her famous necklace by a prominent summer resident of Newport during the summer of 1904. There lives hardly a family which has not frequently had such an experience. Some night the husband can't find his pearl shirt-studs. He knows he had them on the evening before. The hue and cry is raised. Maledictions are called down upon Anna or Delia or Nora. But the studs are not in the shirt. Their owner swears he left them there. Then Delia tremblingly suggests that "master dined in his ordinary clothes last evening," and he realizes that it was so late when he got home that at the last minute he decided not to change. Amid great excitement the studs are located in the bureau drawer where they belonged.

The final question to be determined by the juror in regard to the testimony of any witness is how far the latter has succeeded in conveying his actual recollections through the medium of speech and gesture. This necessarily depends upon a variety of considerations. Among these are his familiarity with the English language; inadvertent accentuation of wrong words or of the less important features of his testimony; his physical condition, which in nine cases out of ten is one of extreme nervousness and timidity, if not of actual fear; and a hundred other trifling, but, in the aggregate, material facts.

The most effective testimony is that which is given with what the jury regard as the evidences of candor. It is a matter of common knowledge that the surer a person is of anything, particularly among the laboring classes, the more loudly will he assert its truth. This is so well known to the jury as ordinarily constituted

(Continued on page 30)



Maledictions are called down upon Anna or Delia or Nora

did attend the theatre on the day in question with Robinson. He does not remember the play, but Robinson remembers that it was "The Chinese Honeymoon," and believes that they dined together first at the club. Smith now thinks he remembers this himself. Then Robinson suggests that they probably went to the theatre in a cab. They look in a file of old papers and find that it was raining. That settles it—of course, they went in a cab. The next question is the hour. They have no recollection of being late, so they must

THE SONG OF THE FLAGS

ON THEIR RETURN TO THE STATES OF THE
CONFEDERACY
By S. WEIR MITCHELL

WE loved the wild clamor of battle,
The crash of the musketry's rattle,
The bugle and drum.
We have drooped in the dust, long and lonely;
The blades that flashed joy are rust only,
The far-rolling war music dumb.

GOD rest the true souls in death lying,
For whom over head proudly flying
We challenged the foe.
The storm of the charge we have breasted,
On the hearts of our dead we have rested,
In the pride of a day, long ago.

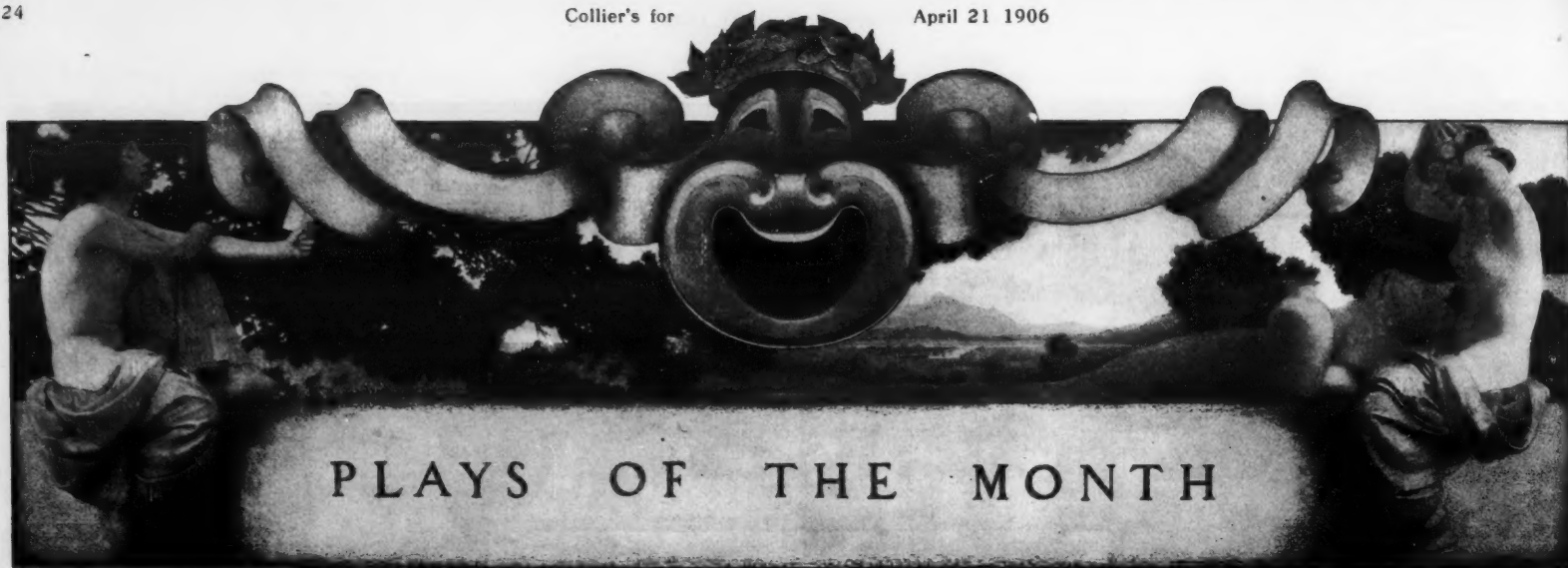
AH, surely the good of God's making
Shall answer both those past awaking
And life's cry of pain;
But we never more shall be tossing
On surges of battle where crossing
The swift-flying death bearers rain.

AGAIN in the wind we are streaming,
Again with the war lust are dreaming
The call of the shell.
What gray heads look up at us sadly?
Are these the stern troopers who madly
Rode straight at the battery's hell?

NAY, more than the living have found us,
Pale spectres of battle surround us;
The gray line is dressed.
Ye hear not, but they who are bringing
Your symbols of honor are singing
The song of death's bivouac rest.

BLOW forth on the south wind to greet us
O star flag! once eager to meet us
When war lines were set.
Go carry to far fields of glory
The soul-stirring thrill of the story,
Of days when in anger we met.

AH, well that we hung in the churches
In quiet, where God the heart searches,
That under us met
Men heard through the murmur of praying
The voice of the torn banners saying,
"Forgive, but ah, never forget."



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

BY ARTHUR RUHL

Mr. Benjamin Chapin
as Abraham Lincoln

are certain to find awaiting them at least one new theatrical portrait worthy the attention of the intelligent and discriminating—one which, whatever may be the quarrel with company or play, is itself always vivid, virile, and sure. Last year Mr. Mansfield went back to the classic drama of France, and in Molière's "Misanthrope" revived an antique masterpiece from which English-speaking dramatists have more or less knowingly borrowed for two centuries. It was, so far as was generally known, the first time this famous old comedy had been produced in English; its wit and humanity—in spite of the play's complete lack of "situations" in our modern understanding of the word—were as true of the New York of to-day as of the Paris of 1666 when it was first produced. Mr. Mansfield's re-creation of the rôle of *Alceste* marked a distinct advance in his art—a literary event, in short, no less contributing to the public's pleasure than calling for its gratitude. Similarly altruistic in purpose, though less happy in results, is Mr. Mansfield's return this year to the classic drama of Germany, and his production of Schiller's "Don Carlos."

Mr. Mansfield Awakes the Dead

THIS elephantine landmark of German literature was written—that is to say, completed, for Schiller had been working at it off and on for several years—in 1787. It belongs to what our tirelessly erudite German cousins would call his second period; between the *Sturm und Drang* days of his rebellious youth—the days of "The Robbers" and "Kabale und Liebe"—and that later ripened time when he produced "Wallenstein," "The Maid of Orléans," "Mary Stuart," and "Wilhelm Tell." Don Carlos was that unhappy son of Philip II of Spain who loved his own stepmother. She had been his "affianced bride"—as they would say in "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire"—when the cruel and suspicious Philip made her his own wife. When Schiller first began the play in 1783, Don Carlos was to be a sort of Spanish Hamlet, and the drama was to concern itself with his hopeless passion for the youthful queen. Other work compelled him to put this aside, and when he took the unfinished play up again his interest had shifted from his hero to Don Carlos's friend, the Marquis of Posa, and from his original theme to the broader one of the clash between royal and inquisitorial tyranny and the people's struggle for liberty of thought and conscience. The completed work was disjointed—two plays in one, in fact—impossibly long when taken as a whole, ragged and fragmentary when cut. Just why Mr. Mansfield should have chosen it—of all Schiller's somewhat prosy dramas perhaps the least actable—is not altogether apparent, and as arranged for present uses practically all of that appeal for "humanity" which was so vital a part of the play in the revolutionary days in which it was written has disappeared.

The result is little more than a series of scenes in

which the unhappy and Hamlet-like prince moves to his eventual fate across a not always intelligible background of paternal suspicion and court intrigue. Invertebrate as the thing is, it yet retains a certain respectable dignity; and to that considerable body of Mr. Mansfield's following whose understanding of classical German drama consists of little more than the memory of endless vistas of German type and the gloomy Stuttgart bindings of the days when they burrowed in Cotta and breezed through the helpful Bonn, such resurrection and reanimation of an intellectual mummy must have a real fascination. At only one point in the play, that in the fourth act, when the young prince confronts his father and the Duke of Alva over the corpse of his murdered friend, was opportunity given Mr. Mansfield really to turn things loose and draw on the full measure of his power. It was a scene on which the house justly squandered enthusiasm, and into which, interestingly enough, crept one of those little tricks of physical virtuosity that Mr. Mansfield finds it hard to deny himself. This time it was the faint rattling against its scabbard of the sword hilt in Don Carlos's trembling hand—so perfectly reproduced and long continued that the curious spectator perforce must take his attention from the main swing of the scene to discover just how it was done. As for the rest, the part demands a certain Hamlet-like fatuity and fervent youthfulness—Don Carlos is twenty-three years old—which this mature virtuoso assumed with charm and at least superficial authenticity.

Under whatever mask Mr. Mansfield wears, lies a substratum of flint, a certain all-there-ness, which—including as it does a vigorous intelligence and an imagination virile and guided by that intelligence—has become a distinct charm. Even when he is merely "acting Mansfield"—the criticism so often made—the picture is so vivid and clean-cut, so graceful and sure, that the spectator is captured in spite of himself. At his best in parts which demand decision, vivid masculinity, the fervor of intelligent power, in the rôle of the unhappy young Spanish prince, with his Hamlet melancholy, sighing like Romeo, Mr. Mansfield is not in his most natural and successful vein. Similarly, in "The Scarlet Letter"—the other novelty of his present season—it was scarcely possible for him perfectly to depict Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale of Hawthorne, however impressively he might impersonate an unhappy young clergyman suffering a living death for his secret sin. The suggestion is, to be sure, a somewhat precious one, as it is no more in any other actor's power than in Mr. Mansfield's successfully to detach such a character from the enchantment of Hawthorne's words and place it behind the footlights. "The Scarlet Letter" is a drama of suffering, essentially static and psychological, rather than external or to be expressed in action. Leaving entirely out of the question that part of the story's vitality which inheres in the way it is told, it is essentially unsuitable for the stage. The play—first used by Mr. Mansfield a number of years ago—is perfunctory at best, and when an underplot of comedy lovers is introduced, quite ghastly. It serves, however, to gratify that common curiosity, always difficult wholly to subdue, to see traditional men and women of literature made to walk and talk on the stage, and Mr. Mansfield presented a *Dimmesdale* which had all his own grace of presence, the gold and silver of his voice, and, in several climactic moments, a tragic pathos and high dignity.

Apologetically, at this late date, is chronicled the appearance of Miss Fritzi Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste"—an amusing and really intelligible comic opera. The redoubtable Mr. Victor Herbert wrote its agreeable music, and Mr. Henry Blossom its libretto. It has a plot, two uncommonly pretty scenes, and several songs with real ideas behind them. One of these is sung by a gouty old bachelor. It preaches the joys of individualism. He sits at his dinner table, alone, inveighing against marriage and accenting the end of each stanza by thumping his fist down until the dishes rattle. He takes his fun where he finds it, he says, and no one to say him nay; eats when he's hungry, drinks when he's dry—*thump!*—"I want what I want when I want it!"

Not Made in America

MISS SCHEFF is a milliner's apprentice who afterward becomes an operatic star. She sings one song about a nightingale, full of long-sustained trills and quavers, so that those making her acquaintance the first time may know that she once sang in grand opera, but the most interesting thing she does is to give an animate definition of the word *chic* with a continuousness and completeness such as nobody else on this side of the water could approach. We are simply not built that way. This quintessential finish—quite distinct from ordinary feminine or human charm and often existing, indeed, without it—she has; this illusive something made up of a thousand indefinable things, done just so. Many may prefer a mere girl to a lady built like some exquisite little Swiss watch with an enamel case set in diamonds, but the enameled-watch-sort-of-lady is none the less novel and interesting. Miss Scheff particularly suggests this comparison because, except for an occasional welcome smile from a broad, rather Slavic mouth, her *Fifi's* face showed no expression whatsoever.

There is a marching song in which she stands in front of a soldier chorus and beats a snare-drum. She wears a low-cut black velvet bodice without any shoulder straps, so that her arms and shoulders are free. All mankind has longed, at some time or other, to own and operate a snare-drum. It is one of those primordial emotions which may be covered up and forgotten, but only sleep sooner or later to be awakened. It awakes as you view *Mlle. Fifi* standing over the footlights, with the orchestra banging out a march, the soldier chorus roaring behind her, and her fair and facile arms, now lightly picking out the staccato, now lavishing strength in the long roll. You want to beat a drum, just that way. Ah—but you *can't* beat a drum, you don't know how, never will, and in the swift realization of this what have we, added to the delightful synthesis of sight and sound, but the tragic bite, the pang that is art's true essence, as the literary critics would say! Somehow the snare-drum and Miss Fritzi Scheff seemed to belong together—common to both that brittle allurements, that spirited surface charm. We would like to have had more of *Fifi* and her little drum.

Mr. Chapin's Stage Lincoln

MR. BENJAMIN CHAPIN seems to be a well-meaning gentleman who happens to look extraordinarily like Lincoln. He has conceived the thrifty idea of utilizing this physical resemblance by writing a play about the martyred President and acting the principal part. The play is an exceedingly indifferent one, and Mr. Chapin is not an actor,

(Continued on page 26)

Miss Fritzi Scheff
in "Mlle. Modiste"

STERLING SILVER

The Gorham Company's broad policy of production, consistently carried out for over half a century, has achieved results of very definite value to purchasers of

Spoons and Forks

The great care and attention given to the smallest detail of style; the immediate adoption of every improvement in Methods of Manufacture, and the introduction of New Devices not elsewhere employed, have resulted in the production of Silverware of the Highest Standard in

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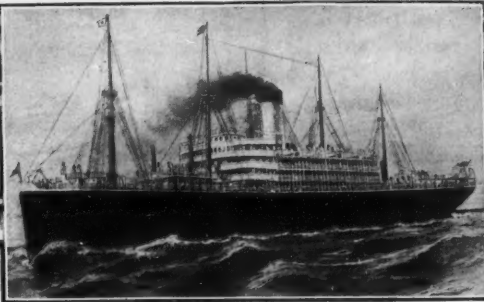
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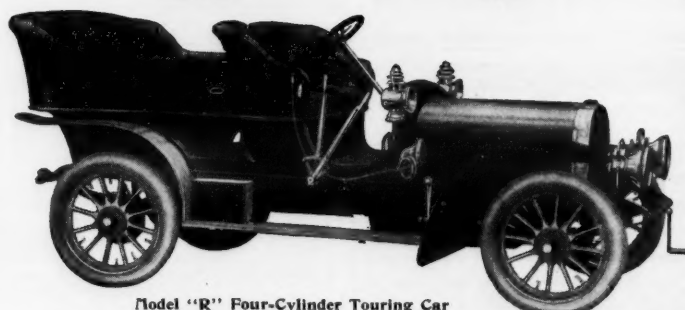
413 and 319 Broadway, New York.
220 and 208 S. Clark St., Chicago
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Vertical roller-bearing engines. Cylinders cast separately, 5½x6 inches, 50 H. P. An exclusive transmission that absolutely prevents stripping of gears. Positive cooling system. Individual and special lubrication. Master Clutch has metal faces and takes hold without jerking. Shaft drive. Exclusive universal joints that prevent wear on pins. Sprocket and Roller Pinion and perfect Rear Axle, all exclusive. Roller-bearings throughout. 108-inch wheel base, 54-inch tonneau, seating five people. Four to 60 miles an hour on high gear. Weight, 2,750 pounds. Price \$8,500, f. o. b. Kokomo. Full equipment.

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Haynes care in construction, in selection of materials and finish, is responsible for this and make it the car of small cost for repairs and up-keep. These points can be proved by demonstration by any agent handling the Haynes. When sending for catalogue address desk M2 for prompt attention.

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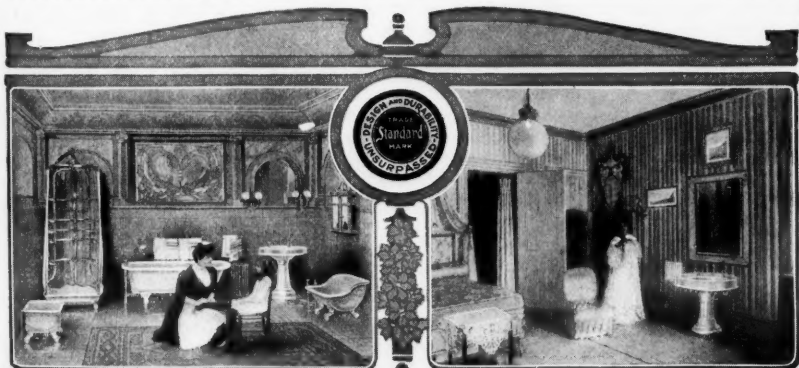
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Sanitation, Comfort and Pride of Possession follow the installation of "Standard" One-Piece Baths, One-Piece Lavatories and Closets, and One-Piece Kitchen and Laundry Tubs.

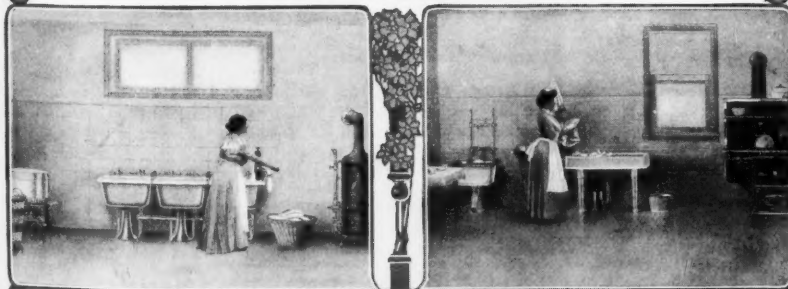
"Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware is non-porous and has the snow white purity of china—the strength of iron and is the only equipment fulfilling every requirement of modern sanitation. "Standard" Porcelain enameled closets are of the highest and most modern construction, and are sanitarily perfect. They are made in one piece and enameled inside as well as out, and are absolutely non-porous and impervious to the action of sewer-gas, dirt and disease germs. A home equipped throughout with "Standard" Ware is a joy and the pride of the occupant or owner.

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Put your name and address on a postal and say, "Send Haxworth Receipt Book for 1906," and you will receive a copy by return mail.

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The PROPER CARE OF THE HAIR

48 pp. Illustrated

Largest mail order hair merchants in the world.

PLAYS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 24)

but a number of the stories that Lincoln used to tell have been plausibly strung together and Mr. Chapin tells them well. A succession of incidents that might have happened at the White House or the War Department in war time are reproduced, and Mr. Chapin walks through them and in a really remarkable way looks the part.

The energy spent in getting shocked at what Mr. Chapin has done seems rather wasted. Napoleon has been impersonated for years—even by Mr. Vincent Serrano—and is still regarded as having been an able man. Mr. Chapin has gone about his work with reverence, and the homely accuracy of his characterization, together with its almost complete suppression of staginess, suggests perfect sincerity. The play, of which he is said to be the author, scarcely aims to bring out anything more than the gentle-human, homely, anecdotal side of the man. Of the tragedy and majesty of his life there is scarcely a suggestion except that supplied unconsciously by the mind of the spectator, and any vivifying through dramatic form of the colossal forces then in conflict is not attempted. The President is shown with his son "Tad," amiably conspiring to overcome Mrs. Lincoln's objections so that that young gentleman may "put on his new uniform and go down the river"; in the War Office, quieting bothersome delegations and smoothing out quarrels between his jealous and hot-headed colleagues; in various situations calculated to reveal his understanding of human nature, his gentleness and humor. A slender love story—the President's niece has a lover in the Union Army who is accused of treason by the jealous villain—furnishes the action, and Mary Todd Lincoln—her hoop-skirts and fussiness, her appalling dressmaker's bills, her insistence that the President shall go driving with her and to the theatre, her bustling announcement when the young officer is about to be court-martialed for treason: "From what I know of that young man's family I'm sure he is innocent"—all these "feminine" drolleries—is brought in with no little humor and skill.

There are false notes. Mr. Chapin's occasional use of falsetto voice, apparently for the purpose of dramatic effect, is ill-advised, and in his story of the dream which foretold the assassination particularly bad; and the "curtain" of the third act, where the news of Union successes at Gettysburg and Vicksburg is made the occasion for some crude hilarity, is inexcusably unintelligent and brutal. But the surprising thing is the lack of such jarring notes where there was opportunity for so many. Mr. Chapin contrives to present an animate and vocal portrait of Lincoln which has a very real and abiding personality; so real indeed, that one forgets at times that he is acting, so plausible, within its own narrow limits, that it ought not to clash with any one's deeper understanding of the man.

Mr. Francis Wilson as a Climber

LIVING up to his artistic responsibilities is not one of Mr. Wilson's mannerisms. Perhaps, after his work in "The Mountain Climber," it would be more accurate to say that it is a mannerism but nothing more. The farce is of German ancestry, and under the name of "Der Hochtourist" last year delighted the faithful patrons of the little theatre in Irving Place. This mountain climber was a middle-class English husband, who made his wife think that he was climbing mountains in Switzerland when he was really flitting amid the white lights of Paris. To complete the dissimulation he wrote home vivid descriptions of his imaginary exploits in the Alps, all cribbed from a recently published book by a famous mountain climber. The admiring wife had the letters published at her own expense, and when her husband returned he was greeted by this embarrassing monument to his duplicity, as well as by a delegation of scientists and the two faithful Swiss guides, whom his letters had so feelingly described, and for whom his wife had thoughtfully sent. The humorous possibilities of the situation, further complicated when the mountain climber's family and friends insist on accompanying him to Switzerland to see him climb—and there to meet the real mountain climber—are sufficiently obvious. Instead, however, of relying upon this and giving the piece at least the amount of legitimate interpretation which it deserves, no chance has been lost to punctuate it with antique "gags," to force laughter by the most obvious clowning, and to reduce much of what might be really worthily entertaining to mere bathos. Conscience relieved by this croak, one hastens to add that the farce is still extremely amusing, and that Mr. Wilson, even at his worst, is droll and, as ever, disarms the quarrelsome with his own personality and winsome charm. The company were all capable, Mr. William Lewers graceful and spirited as the real mountain climber, and Miss May Robson particularly amusing as the aggressive and masterful wife.

2 2 2

MADRIGAL

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

GRAY in the dusty, fallen square
There stands a broken fountain—
And thither came she, like a fair
Fresh flower of the mountain.

She seemed from Orchis of the South
And apple-flower made;
For laughter dimpled round her mouth—
But she had eyes that prayed.

She leaned. She drank. Such grace up-bore
The souls of Rome and Greece
Through mortal centuries of war
Into immortal peace.

He came. He laughed. She seemed to see
That shepherd of the Mountain,
Touched by the wand of Destiny,
Turn hero at the fountain.

They came. They went. And fancy free
I seem to go my way.
But always there is haunting me
A face—with eyes that pray.

Her soul with him. That is God's law—
But there must go with me,
The first face that I ever saw,
The last that I shall see.

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FREE WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY THE OREST TRADING CO. 238 WITMARK BLDG., N. Y.



The Man with the "Sore Coat"

By A. Taylor-Cutter

HE certainly had a Grouch! There was Blood in his Eye, as he walked down the aisle of McMartin's.

He was looking, he said, for the Party who Sold him that Coat—and he put an unnecessary accent on the word "Sold."

But the said Party saw him first, and Got Busy with another Customer in a jiffy.

The Man said the Coat was a Cripple—and it needed no affidavit to prove it.

He said It looked All Right when he bought It a week ago, but he guessed there was Dope in the Mirror, or the Salesman had mesmerized him.

Because, not even his Wife would believe that He could have put up such a Job on himself as to pay REAL MONEY for a Coat that made him Look like a Monkey, as this did.

★ ★

He showed the Floorwalker how the Coat was trying to Get the Best of Him, by Climbing up his Shoulders, and over his Ears, every time he swung his arms about in Conversation.

He pointed out that the left Lapel bulged up as if he had a live kitten under it, and that it "set-away" from his vest as if it was built to display a Knight Templar badge the size of a platter.

Then he caught hold of the Floorwalker by his two Lapels and Pulled him down round-shouldered.

He did this to illustrate how Unhappy he felt, at the back of his Neck, while wearing the pinchy Coat-Collar he then suffered from.

Oh, Mr. Man had a Sore-Coat, for fair! And, he Wanted his Money back, quick!

But the Floorwalker had an Easier Way of Fixing Things than that. He knew Mr. Man had merely

drawn the wrong coat in the usual Clothes Lottery, and that its Flat-iron Faking had just wilted out in the recent damp weather.

The Floorwalker was a Wise-Guy and he was used to quick thinking.

So, he said he'd just have the Bushel-man "fix" that Sore-Coat in a jiffy, so it would fit Mr. Man as slick as a Whistle.

That's if the Man would just let him have the Coat for a Little While, so the Tailors could make a Few alterations.

So the Sore-Coat was "shaped-up" in a hurry, once again, by old Dr. Flat-iron, and restored to its Original Elegance.

Its Bulging Lapel was shrunken to the limit, its tight Collar stretched out and "set" as smoothly as on the day the Man bought It.

Then the exuberance of Cloth which lay in wrinkles over the shoulder-blades was sweated away, into a contraction, by old Dr. Goose—the Flat-iron Fakir.

★ ★

When the Man put the Coat on again he hardly knew himself in it—such a Slick Proposition had the Flat-iron developed in a bare thirty minutes.

But—the Floorwalker spoke from his heart when he "hoped we would now have a month of Fine Weather!"

Because—he knew that the first Damp day would again bring out all the doctored defects, in the Sore-Coat, as badly as ever.

He knew these had not been permanently removed by Sincere hand-needle-work, but were only covered up by old Dr. Goose—the Flat-iron Fakir.

You see 80 per cent. of all Clothes made by Custom Tailors, and by Clothiers, are faked into their final shape by the Flat-iron.

Because, that is the quickest and easiest way of remedying practically all defects in the Tailoring—of shrinking and stretching the Cloth into shape, through moisture and heat, instead of Working it into permanently corrected shape by expensive hand-needle-work.

So the Coat that's a "Beaut," when you first put it on, at the mirror, may go into a Spasm when the first damp day gets after its Flat-iron faking.

★ ★

We are telling you this because we want to Open your Eyes to some Tricks of the Trade that we have to fight against, in the sale of our "Sincerity" Clothes.

It Costs us Good Money to correct every flaw in each Garment that we make, with sincere hand-needle-work, instead of with Flat-iron faking, before we let old Dr. Goose have even a Look-in for the finishing.

That's why our Sincerity Clothes hold their shape, and the Style we put into them, till worn out, and hold it in damp or dry weather.

If they fit you "right" when you buy them you may bank on it that they'll keep on fitting you "right" till you're through with them.

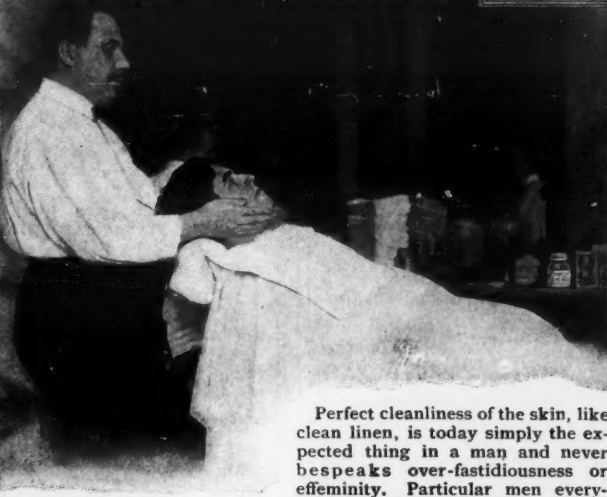
That's a Great Thing to Know, and you're sure to find it True in every Coat or Overcoat that bears the label (below) of the Sincerity Tailors.

If you want an absolute Test to reveal Flat-iron faking which test you can apply to any coat before purchasing, enclose a two-cent stamp to Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., Chicago, for it.

And don't you forget this label:

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

A Sign of Cleanliness



Perfect cleanliness of the skin, like clean linen, is today simply the expected thing in a man and never bespeaks over-fastidiousness or effeminacy. Particular men everywhere have found that facial massage

clears the skin of pore-dirt that washing does not take away—hence, as a matter of cleanliness, they find frequent massage with

Pompeian Massage Cream

indispensable. Not only does a Pompeian massage perfectly cleanse the skin, but it removes wrinkles and blackheads, takes out stiffness of the facial muscles due to mental or physical concentration, animates the tissues and makes the flesh firm and solid.

Automobile drivers, athletes, ball players, mechanics, railroad men—all whose work or play soils hands or face, will find Pompeian Massage Cream a most valuable cleanser. Your barber can give you a hand-massage with Pompeian Massage Cream. But don't let him use an inefficient, perhaps dangerous, substitute. Look for the Pompeian sign of cleanliness and the name on the bottle. Pompeian Massage Cream is sold by druggists for home use.

Your wife or sister will be glad to have a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in the house. Most women to-day recognize the value of this preparation in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin. It contains no grease and makes the use of face powders unnecessary.



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Send your name to-day—we also send a complete book on Facial Massage.

Regular size jars sent by mail where dealer not supply. Price 60 cts. and \$1.00 a jar.

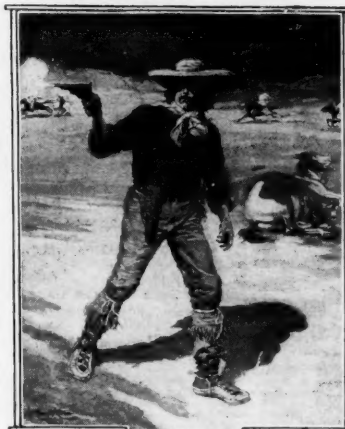
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are identical except in the shape of the handle, and both are provided with front cylinder lock. This front lock is used in connection with the regular locking pin and is operated by the same thumbpiece, making the most perfect locking mechanism ever used in this type of arm. The construction of this front lock is such that all wear is automatically overcome, and this feature, in connection with the hardened tool steel bushings in frame and cylinder, makes possible closer joints with less friction. The alignment of cylinder and barrel is also absolutely assured by this double locking. The wonderful accuracy of this model has made it the preferred revolver by every modern government.



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It is actually the most durable and also the most lively tire on the market. Look at the section of the wearing surface above, and see why—dense, tough rubber on the outside, joined inseparably to the soft, resilient, springy rubber which forms the inner wall of the casing.

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This tire won't creep—though not mechanically attached to the rim. It won't rim cut or come off the rim through ridges deflated for miles. You can take it off or put it back in 30 seconds with no tools but the fingers.

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BIRD PROTECTION'S FIRST MARTYR

A TRUE STORY

By HERBERT K. JOB

Author "Wild Wings" and "Among the Water-Fowl"



Young white heron

"WELL, how would you like to try this alone?" This was the question asked me by Game Warden Guy M. Bradley one dismal night as we lay out in the rain in the trackless Florida swamp. Two days before we had left the little isolated settlement down near Cape Sable. The first day had been occupied in pushing a small open sailboat, with skiff in tow, over the "soft-soap" white mud-flats and shallows eastward for miles and miles up Barnes Sound. Anchoring toward midnight, we had slept on the soft side of the board thwarts, under the sail, to keep off the rain. In the morning we had started with the skiff, and, entering a narrow channel through the dense mangrove thicket, had sculled, pushed, and hauled the craft seven miles back from the coast, chopping down obstructions, or dragging the boat over or under them. Indeed, we were well-nigh exhausted when we glided out into the lonely lake and reached the islet known as Cuthbert Rookery, with its thousands of breeding ibises, herons, egrets, spoonbills, flamingoes, and cormorants.

Never for an instant did the myriads of mosquitoes allow us peace, except when we stood in the blinding smudge which we started as soon as we had chopped out an opening in the thicket on the soggy, spongy ground near the shore of the lake nearest the island. The hum of the innumerable pests sounded as an angry roar. The night was black; a panther screamed now and then off in the jungle; the rain splashed down gloomily on our upturned faces.

"I come in here two or three times each season," he said, "first to post warning notices, and then to see if the birds are doing well, and whether any plume-hunters are killing them. And there are other rookeries to visit, too."

It was no surprise to me, when I came to know the man and his work, that he was subject to attacks of fever, living as he did in that horrible swamp.

But he was as tough as a red mangrove, and it seemed as if nothing could kill him, no matter how many hostages he gave to fortune. In the performance of his duties he exposed himself beyond any seemingly reasonable powers of endurance. He was deputy sheriff, game warden of Monroe County, and also warden for the National Association of Audubon Societies. The region which he patrolled consisted of hundreds of miles of tropical jungle, mud-flats, and small mangrove keys lying amid tortuous channels which he had to traverse all alone. The physical labor of covering this territory was something tremendous. I have been to a rookery with him where he had to chop out a path through the thicket with a machete, stepping among venomous snakes as he did so. Then we waded almost impassable morasses and pulled one another out of "gator holes." Sometimes he arrested plume-hunters out in the solitudes, but whenever it was possible he reasoned with the men and tried to get them to quit plume-hunting in violation of the law. The year after my experiences with him the Audubon Societies furnished him with a naphtha launch—the *Audubon*—which saved him weary scores of miles of rowing and made it more possible for him to get about and deter the lawbreakers.

It seems like a far cry from this wilderness to Chicago, yet it was here that Guy Morrell Bradley was born, thirty-five years ago. Two years later, his parents removed to Florida. Here Guy hunted alligators and plumes, and carried the mail sixty-five miles over loose sand along the beach from Lake Worth to Miami. In 1896 the Bradleys took up a homestead of Government land along the shore in the trackless wilderness around Cape Sable, and started raising tropical fruits. The difficulties and loneliness were appalling.

Among the other settlers drawn to this promising region was a family of the name of Vickers. The Vickers had an attractive daughter. The youth made his knightly pilgrimages through "skeets" and mangroves, and in course of time they were married. With his own hands Guy had erected the humble structure to which he now took his bride. In course of time two sons were born. Some miles away lived a man and several sons who were continually breaking the laws and making no end of trouble for the warden.

Twice the latter had arrested members of this family for breaking the game laws. This had made them, and others of the set, very angry, and the elder man had several times been heard to threaten that, if the warden ever interfered again with their shooting, he would kill him.

Two miles directly south from Bradley's home, out in Florida Bay, lie two small mangrove keys on which are nesting colonies of beautiful white herons and other birds. I have landed on them with Bradley and photographed the young in the nests. One day, the 8th of July, 1905, the warden heard shooting in the rookery, and saw, anchored near the islands, the schooner of the man who had said he would kill him next time he interfered with his shooting. Here was a test of the warden's courage. His father, brother, brother-in-law, and deputy were all away, and only women were at home. Many men would have kept quiet and pretended to be away, too, but Bradley was not one of that kind. Promptly he started out alone in his skiff to tackle the crowd single-handed and make the arrests.

On the shore his wife, with the little boys, watched and waited. When a rifle shot rang out and she saw the men on the schooner pull up the anchor and sail away, she was sure that her Guy had been killed or wounded. At length, at her request, Eugene Roberts, Guy's deputy, went out in a boat. Before they had sailed out very far they spied Guy's boat, with the sail up, where it had gone ashore at high tide on the next point of land, tangled in the mangroves. When they came near they could see a heap in the bottom of the boat. It was Guy. Eugene touched him and saw that he was dead. Guy's mother has sent me a detailed account of this whole tragedy and of the scene which now ensued. It is absolutely heart-rending, and I must draw the veil. But I can not help wishing that every woman who wears aigrettes, of the plumage of those Southern birds, might read that letter and realize that she is responsible, in due proportion, for the law-breaking traffic, the agonies of that innocent woman, the orphaning of those poor little children, and the martyrdom of a brave man by the outlaws who are helping her to trim her hat. I wonder if she would find compensation in considering her headgear the prettier therefor? To me, when I see an aigrette worn, it seems to drip with the life-blood of my friend, Warden Guy M. Bradley.

The owner of the vessel from which the shot had been fired was well known, and foreseeing that it would be impossible to escape, as well as to put matters in a better light for himself, he proceeded to Key West and surrendered, acknowledging the shooting and entering a plea of self-defense. According to his "confession," his son and another man had shot birds in the rookery and had just reached the vessel, with birds in their possession, when the warden sailed up. The father took up a rifle, and the warden told him to lay it down and surrender the men who held the birds. He replied that he had better

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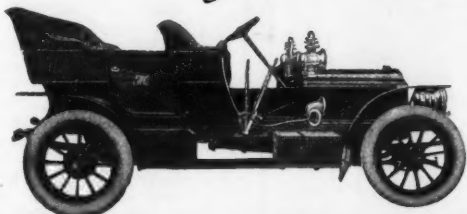
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BIRD PROTECTION'S FIRST MARTYR

(Continued from page 28)

come on board and get them. Then he claims that the warden fired a pistol at him and that he then shot in self-defense. But poor Bradley's pistol, when examined after his death, showed no signs of having been fired recently.

The murderer was held for the Grand Jury. Meanwhile the authorities did nothing, and summoned no witnesses to aid the prosecution. At the last moment, almost, a counsel for the Audubon Society arrived, and finding how matters stood, tried to hurry out some witnesses from the wilderness. Indeed, the authorities had taken it for granted that there would be no indictment found, and when the case came up the Grand Jury refused to indict, and the murderer has been set free. This means that Florida, which has enacted a heavy fine for the killing of plume-birds and others, serves notice that she will not sustain her officers in their efforts to enforce the laws.

Shall the widow and the little sons of this brave, true man, the first martyr to bird protection, be allowed to suffer want and poverty in this rich, prosperous country, with all its humanitarian sentiment? To relieve the immediate needs of this family, I am giving the market price of this article, and this periodical has sent the amount to the widow. Others who wish to fulfil their part may communicate with the president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, Mr. William Dutcher, 525 Manhattan Avenue, New York.

The blood of martyrs is as seed sown, and, sad and awful as is this tragedy, if it shall result in the awakening of public sentiment for the protection of wild life, and in a revulsion on the part of the women of America and of the civilized world against the millinery use of wild-bird feathers and plumes, which is illegal and immoral, and which contraband traffic cost Bradley his life, his tragic martyrdom in the cause of duty shall not have been in vain.

UP FOR TRIAL

(Continued from page 22)

that unless testimony is given with positiveness it might as well not be given at all. Much as it is to be deprecated, an assertive lie is of much more weight with a jury than an anemic statement of the truth. The juror imagines himself telling the story, and feels that if he were doing so and his testimony were true, he would be so convincing that the jury could have no doubt about it at all. Ofttimes a witness leads the jury to suspect that he is a liar simply because he has too strong a sense of the proprieties of his position vehemently to resent a suggestion of untruthfulness. The gentleman who mildly replies "That is not so" to a challenge of his veracity, makes far less impression on the jury than the coal-heaver who leans forward and shakes his fist in the shyster's face exclaiming: "If ye said that outside, ye little spalpeen, I'd knock yer head off." "Ah," say the jury, "there's a man for you." Just as your puritan is off at a disadvantage in an alehouse, and your dandy in a mob, so are the hyper-conscientious and the oversensitive and refined before a jury. The most effective witness is he whom the general run of jurors can understand, who speaks their own language, feels about the same emotions, and is not so morbidly conscientious about details that in qualifying his statement to meet the exact truth, he finds himself entangled and rendered helpless in his own refinements. A distinguished lawyer testifying in a recent case was so careful to qualify every statement and refine every bit of his evidence that the jury took the word of a perjured loafer and a street-walker in preference. This kind of thing happens again and again, and the wily witness who thinks himself clever in appearing overdisinterested is "hoist by his own petard." The jury at once distrust him. They feel either that he is making it all up, or is in fact not sure of his evidence, else, they argue, he would be more certain in giving it.

Most witnesses in the general run of criminal cases have no comprehension of the meaning of words of more than three syllables. It is hopeless to make use of even such modest members of our national vocabulary as "preceding," "subsequent," "various," etc. A negro when asked if certain shots were simultaneous replied:

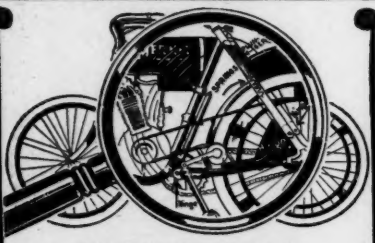
"Yas, boss. Dat's it! 'Zactly simultaneous! One right after de odder." The ordinary witness usually says "minutes" when he means "seconds." He will testify without hesitation that the defendant drew his revolver and shot the complainant, illustrating on the stand the rapidity of the movement. When asked how long it took, he will answer: "Oh, about two or three minutes."

A proper medium in which to converse between the lawyer and witness is sometimes difficult to find, and invariably much tact is required in handling witnesses of limited education. I remember one witness who was completely disconcerted by the use of the word "cravat," and at the precise moment the attorney was so confused as not to be able to remember any synonym. The Tenderloin and the Bowery have a vocabulary of their own differing somewhat from that of beggars and professional criminals. The language of the ordinary policeman is a polyglot of all three. Popular writers on the "powers that prey," and dabblers in criminology in general, are apt to become the victims of self-alleged "convicts" and "criminals" who are anxious to sell unreliable information for honest liquor. A large part of the lingo in realistic treatises on prison life and "life among the burglars" originates in the doped imagination of whatever fanciful "reformed" thief happens to be the personal gold mine of that particular author. Thieves, like any distinct class, make use of slang, a small part of which is peculiar to them alone. But for the most part the "tough" elements in the community make themselves easily understood either in the office or on the witness-stand.

Where the witness speaks a foreign language the task of discovering exactly what he knows, or even what he actually says, is herculean. In the first place interpreters, as a rule, give the substance—as they understand it—of the witness's testimony rather than his exact words. It is also practically impossible to cross-examine through an interpreter, for the whole psychological significance of the answer is destroyed, ample opportunity being given for the witness to collect his wits and carefully to frame his reply. One could cross-examine a deaf mute by means of the finger alphabet about as effectively as an Italian through a court interpreter, who probably speaks (defectively) seventeen languages.

The reader might perhaps conclude from what has been said that the action of the ordinary jury must in most cases be founded simply upon guess-work. To a certain degree this can not be denied, and it is equally true that all the delicate processes of the human mind, and the shadowy presences there of intent, motive, and recollection, can never be demonstrated save by inference. Our machinery is crude indeed. Ofttimes it is like trying to dissect a butterfly with a pair of pincers, and the wonder is that the jury are able to get at the truth as frequently as they do. Hence the necessity for the advocate to assist the jury and remedy their ignorance of the psychology of testimony by his own observation, knowledge, and experience. With the jury keenly alive to all the possibilities of error in the testimony of even the most honest of witnesses, it is for the advocate, the Psychologist of the Law, to test by his cross-examination and demonstrate in his summing up the precise probative value of the evidence, frequently revealing, below an apparently limpid stream of truth, a turbid bed of conjecture, assumption, belief, hearsay, and inaccuracy of expression, with frequently the rank weeds of perjury growing just beneath the surface.

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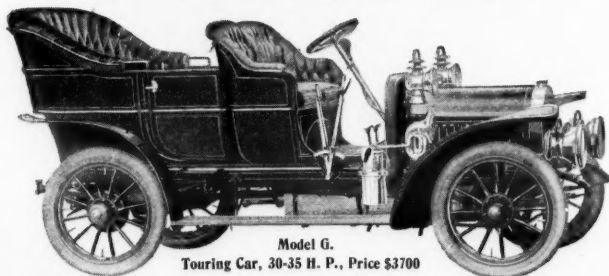
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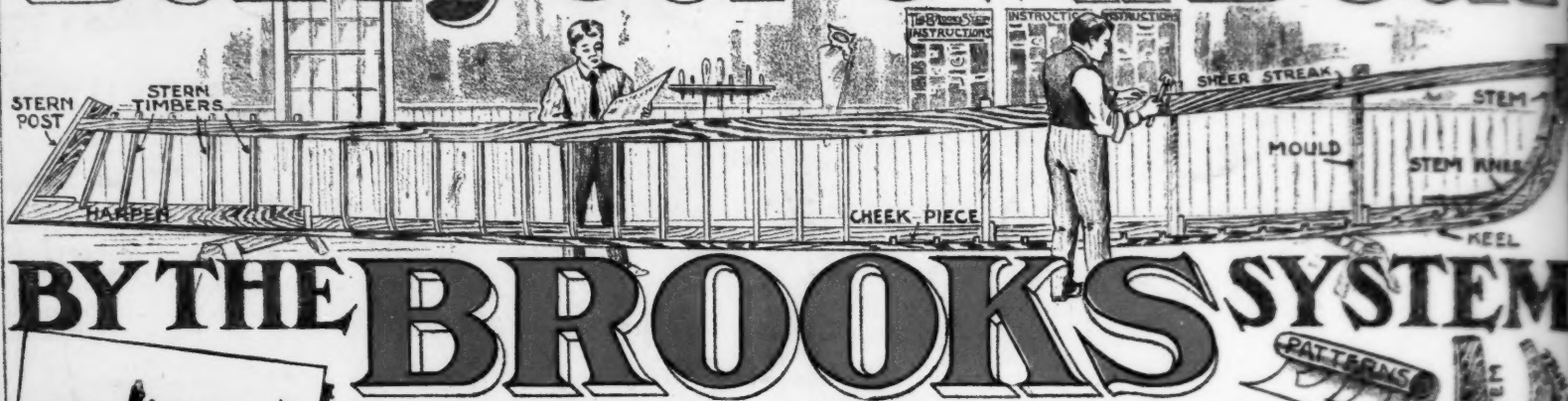
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